THE MARION WEEKLY STAR.

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MEN'S
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THE GENERAL DEFICIENCY

THE HOUSE COMMITTEE ON APPROPRIATIONS READY TO REPORT

Over Three Million Dollars More to Be Distributed in Various Places—General Logan's Remains to Be Moved Shortly Committee Work—Other Items

WASHINGTON, July 19—The house committee on appropriations have now finally completed the general deficiency appropriation bill and will report it to the house at once It appropriates $3,017 179 Among the principal items are for judgments of the court of claims, $340 281, deficiencies in postoffice department, $473,113, department of justice, $390 801, treasury department, $17 790 and French spoliation claims $741,606 Under the appropriations for the treasury department a clause appropriating $470 000 to supply an estimated deficiency in the appropriation for the collection of customs revenues for the present fiscal year

Fifty thousand dollars is appropriated for expenses of carrying into effect the provisions of the alien contract labor law It is further provided that this law shall be amended so as to authorize the secretary of the treasury, in case he shall be satisfied that an immigrant has been allowed to land contrary to the prohibition of that law, to cause such immigrant within a reasonable time, say one year, to be taken into custody and returned to the country from whence he came, at the expense of the owner of the importing vessel or if he entered from an adjoining country, at the expense of the person previously contracting for the services It also authorizes the secretary of the treasury to pay to an informer who furnishes original information that the law has been violated such a share of the penalties recovered as he may deem reasonable to just not exceeding 50 per cent

The Revolt in Venezuela

WASHINGTON, July 19—In an interview regarding the reported revolution in Venezuela, the Venezuelan consul here Senor Olavarria said he had received no official advice of the supposed state of revolution existing in Venezuela Senor Rojas Paul having been elected president of the republic by the federal congress, has assumed his office according to the constitution of the country and there is no fear that he may falter in the full accomplishment of his constitutional duties As regards other National matters, Consul Olavarria has only to express the hope that the United States will not fail to prove, when time will come its friendship and good will towards the Venezuelan people

Gen. Logan's Remains

WASHINGTON July 19—The remains of Gen John A Logan, which have been resting in Mrs. Hutchinson's vault at Rock Creek cemetery since the interment are soon to be removed to the Little Montgomery chapel erected by Mrs Logan and her son in law, Maj Tucker, at the Soldiers Home cemetery The chapel is built of granite and when completed will cost about $40 000 Here the body will rest until it is finally removed to the great state mausoleum, to be erected in one of the parks of Chicago

Removing the Ute Indians

WASHINGTON July 19—The secretary of the interior appointed Hon J M Smith, of Wisconsin, Rev T S Childs, of the District of Columbia and Maj R B Weaver, of Arkansas a commission to negotiate with the Ute Indians concerning their removal from southwest Colorado to some other locality under the provisions of the act of May 1 1888. The commission will meet next week for organization, and then proceed at once to the performance of their duty, There are 995 Ute Indians

Not a Contagious Disease

WASHINGTON July 19—The recent order issued by the treasury department forbidding the importation of cattle from Grey county Ontario, where a contagious animal disease was alleged to be raging has been rescinded This was done on the recommendation of the commissioner of agriculture, who received information from the Canadian stock inspector, to the effect that the disease was a harmless one called anthrax, which is due to a microbe found in swampy lands.

Senate and House Proceedings

In the senate the usual pension veto was read Reports were made from committees A resolution was reported to extend the interstate commerce law to telegraphs The bill to admit Washington Territory was considered until 5 30 p m, when the senate adjourned

In the house efforts were made to get up public building bills, but the tariff bill took precedence and was considered until 4 30 p m, when the house adjourned

What Will Follow the Tariff

WASHINGTON, July 19—As soon as the tariff bill is out of the way, the deficiency appropriation bill will be taken up for consideration By the time it is disposed of it is expected that the fortifications bill appropriating upwards of $20,000,000 will be laid before the house

More Unjust Discrimination

WASHINGTON, July 19—The interstate commerce commission yesterday heard arguments in the case of the Imperial Coal company, of Pittsburg, Pa, against the Pittsburg & Lake Erie Railway company The complainant charges unjust discrimination and excessive rates

Objecting to the Chinese

WASHINGTON, July 19—United States Consul Stevens, at Victoria B C has written to the state department respecting the alarming influx of Chinese into that country He states that 3 554 have arrived there within six weeks.

Foreign Telegraph Line Completed

WASHINGTON, July 19—The secretary of state is in receipt of a note from the Corean minister at Washington, announcing the completion of the Corean telegraph line from Seoul to Fusan, where it connects with the Japanese cable

Two Appointments.

WASHINGTON, July 19—The secretary of treasury has appointed W P Sturtevant second assistant keeper of the [illegible] light, New York harbor and Edward Fogarty keeper of the Brighton Reef Light ship, L I

Died From Nervous Prostration

WASHINGTON July 19—Mr James K Edwards official stenographer of the house of representatives died last night of nervous prostration and acute rheumatism

Bridging the Missouri

WASHINGTON July 19—The bill authorizing a bridge across the Missouri river near Parkville Mo has become a law without the president's signature

Randall Still Improving

WASHINGTON July 19—Congressman Randall passed a comfortable night and has improved a little since yesterday

DYNAMITE PLOTTERS

Quick Justice to Be Meted Out to the Three Anarchists

CHICAGO July 19—The course to be pursued in prosecuting the would be assassins of Grinnell Gary and Bonfield has been decided upon It was semi officially announced that the Anarchist trio would be taken before a justice, and the cases continued ten days That would give an opportunity of presenting the murderous conspiracy with the least possible delay to the grand jury which assembles Monday

A speedy indictment and trial is hoped for The object is to make the lesson of justice so strikingly quick if possible as to make its influence doubly effective

According to this program the prisoners were brought into court as arranged and after a brief statement by Inspector Bonfield were held over Their bonds were fixed at $5,000 a piece

The Daily News says It has been ascertained that twenty pounds of dynamite were distributed June 1 among many of the old Anarchists It is claimed that much of it can be traced to members of the Central Labor union, which interested itself in money and sympathy for the Anarchists during their trial The detectives are firm in the belief that the present plot will implicate the entire brood of Anarchists Some of the early plans of the friends of the dead Anarchists have been in the possession of the police for some time and yesterday's developments are expected to lay bare the entire scheme and plans of the plotters In the ramifications of the plots are included as proposed victims Edmund Furthmann Capt Schaack Frank Walker and M J Stone, Witness Seliger and the jurors who convicted the Anarchists"

The Haymarket Monument

CHICAGO July 19—The committee having in charge the Haymarket monument has finally decided upon the character of the design to be erected to the memory of the police officers who were killed at the Haymarket riot The design will be the figure of a police officer upon a granite base as was originally proposed The monument will be placed at the spot where the men fell It is probable that the street car company will widen the space between its tracks sufficiently to make room for the monument between them In case this is done a forum for speaking will be built into the base of the monument

Canada's Troubles

OTTAWA, Ont July 19—The report of Deputy Minister of the Interior Burgess who has just been dispatched to the northwest territories to inquire into the disaffection which has arisen among the Indians and half breeds over the confiscation of their lands is waited for with much anxiety In the hope of pacifying the rebellious French half breeds the government has hurried a French priest Rev Father Gendreau of Ottawa college to the scene of the trouble The appointment of Governor Dewdney, who as governor of the northwest was held largely responsible for the late rebellion, as minister of the interior, whereas he will have full control of their affairs has given unbounded dissatisfaction among the Indians Orders have been given to strengthen immediately the mounted police in the Saskatchewan district

A Probable Clew

BOSTON July 19—The recent arrest of Joseph Vannie and Louisa Figaro for a burglary has put into the hands of the police a clew of considerable importance Vannie and the Figaro woman arrived here on Saturday from New York and were arrested on complaint of the woman's husband who followed them from New York city Search of their trunks disclosed a large amount of silks, laces and miscellaneous articles stolen from freight parcels at the Grand Central depot where Vannie has been employed He is one of an organized band of Italians who have been for some time stealing from packages passing through their hands

Went Off Without the Mail

SAN FRANCISCO July 19—The steamship Australia sailed on her regular time for Honolulu, yesterday, refusing to wait for the eastern mails, which were four or five hours late, and which must now remain here until the next steamer leaves on July 28 The steamship owners say that as they are now receiving only a nominal sum for carrying the American mails they will not hold their ships for them

Baggage Agents in Session

NEW YORK July 19—The semi annual meeting of the National Association of General Baggage agents was begun at the Murray Hill hotel and all the leading roads being represented The only subject discussed was the transportation of bicycles, of which 75,000 are now carried annually A committee to report uniform regulations on this subject was appointed

Arranging a Scull Race

NEW YORK July 19—Arrangements have been completed for the international scull race at Pleasant Beach Onondaga Lake N Y July 26 The distance will be three miles and the race will be for the championship of America, Hamm and Hosmer being among the competitors It is also expected that Courtney, Ten Eyck Mersey and O Connor will enter

A Boston Young Lady Missing

BOSTON, July 19—Miss Emily C Whitney stenographer and typewriter in the Boston postoffice has been missing since Saturday She was of good character and her sudden disappearance cannot be accounted for

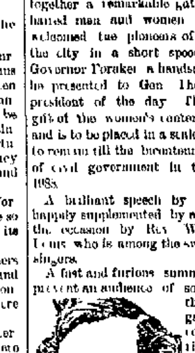
THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

SUCH WAS THE CASE AT THE MARIETTA CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

The Pioneers of the Northwest Territory Hold a Jolly Reunion—The Oration of the Day was Delivered By Senator John W Daniel, of Virginia.

MARIETTA, O, July 19—The pioneers at the Marietta centennial had a jolly reunion for an hour before the regular exercises commenced There were present a great number of very old persons, among them three whose ages aggregated 300 years The early part of the day was given up to an informal reception for old people, and brought together a remarkable gathering of silver haired men and women Mayor Coulter welcomed the pioneers of the northwest to the city in a short speech and handed to Governor Foraker a handsome gavel, which he presented to Gen Thomas Ewing, the president of the day The gavel was the gift of the women's centennial celebration and is to be placed in a sealed iron box, there to remain till the bicentennial of the origin of civil government in the northwest of 1988.

A brilliant speech by Gen Ewing was happily supplemented by an ode written for the occasion by Rev W L Lee, of St Louis who is among the sweetest of western singers.



JOHN W DANIEL.

A fast and furious summer rain did not prevent an audience of some three or four thousand persons gathering in the centennial auditorium in the afternoon to listen to a vigorous and beautiful oration from Senator Daniel, of Virginia. While he was speaking Senator Sherman came on the stage and took a seat between Governor and Mrs Foraker, chatting with them easily and pleasantly A good many people who have lent willing ears to the rumors about a breach between Sherman and Foraker, have scanned with close scrutiny the actions of the two men, but the most searching critic can see no surface indications of the existence of ill feeling

Senator Daniel has a fine, deep, musical voice, which has good carrying power He held his great audience spell bound with the music of his words. Mr Daniel is the foremost orator of the old dominion and he felt the inspiration of a great occasion His oration was a work of beauty It had substantial merit more than fancy, ornate, polished and often poetical He discussed the oft told story of the settlement of the northwest and dwelt more at length upon the unbeaten paths of history He said that the scene enacted here one hundred years ago, when Arthur St Clair was inducted into office with the new settlers grouped about him in a leafy bower, with the ordinance of 1787 for a constitution was a picture worthy a frame of diamonds and gold, and was a grander drama than any ever seen in the white temples of the Greeks or Romans

The Marietta colonists were the pilgrims of the great west, said he He quoted Washington's estimate of the men who came here a hundred years since It took the rest of the country, he declared, three quarters of a century to catch up with the flag flung to the breeze at Marietta in 1788 when the immortal ordinance of 1787, excluding slavery became their fundamental law He gave Jefferson high credit for doubling the laws providing for religious liberty in Virginia two years before the pioneers came to Ohio

In some respects, Senator Daniel's speech was meant for an offset to that of Senator Evarts in that it ascribed most of the present glory of the great west to the wisdom and patriotism of southern statesmen He devoted a good deal of time to the eulogy of Jefferson, and quoted Bancroft to sustain his views of that statesman

The question of the authorship of the anti slavery clause in the ordinance of 1787 was discussed, but nothing new was developed in that line The story of Marietta said he, is the title page in a new Book of History The immigration of St. Clair was the inauguration of a new era He read here the lesson of liberty and of progress and you may reckon the stately work of progress that sweeps westward to the golden gate from the building of the little log fort by the settlers here. The mound builders were here and have vanished The Indians have passed away and leave only the musical names of your rivers. These great nations contended for the western country Spain Portugal and France But the Spaniard has disappeared and the splendor of his career is only a tradition A hundred years before the revolution the French went down the Mississippi river and built forts and towns The lilies of France were blooming and blossoming over all the Northwest territory, but the drum beat of England was heard, and her red coats could not be put down Gen Wolfe conquered Quebec and this sounded the downfall of French domination in America The paths from the plains of Abraham led to Independence hall Independence hall led to Yorktown and Yorktown to Marietta So in the war of races the Anglo Saxon won Every inch of ground he has won he has held He has given freedom to others but never received it from any one else These are the things I read in given history I read too, that the Anglo Saxon race is already America's conqueror, and that it will be the world conqueror The idea that conquered in this noble west was liberty

Senator Daniel called attention to Salmon P Chase's statement that the Northwest territory belonged to the United States, and was held in trust by Congress for the common good, and it was not consistent with the fact He said Virginia had a good title to the Northwest territory, resting on the royal charter an admission in the ordinance of 1787 and the right of conquest He quoted Garfield's eulogy of George Rogers Clark and claimed that his travels in the west fixed Virginia's title This part of Senator Daniel's speech has been criticised and will bear careful reading for it is both interesting and instructive.

Senator Daniel's speech was a refreshing treatment of the grave historic details before him and he made it bright, eloquent and witty He was a little caustic in his statement of New England people, but what he said was said in a good humored way It is an oration that will be much sought after because it is exceedingly entertaining and eloquent.

In the evening Governor and Mrs Foraker held a large reception at the centennial auditorium

The celebration closes with Ohio day The speakers will be Senator Sherman Governor Foraker, ex Governor Foster, Gen W H Gibson, Gen C H Grosvenor Attorney General D K Watson, Gen James S Robinson secretary of state Lieut Gen Lyon and Hon J C Lee

THRILLING SITUATION

A Madman Takes Possession of an Engine Hauling Excursionists

HAGERSTOWN Md July 19—An excursion party on the Shenandoah Valley railroad had the thrilling experience Monday night of riding behind a locomotive at the throttle of which was a madman The Shenandoah railroad connects with the West Maryland road at this place

The excursion was to the Blue Ridge mountains and the train was returning when the exciting episode occurred It was about 8 o'clock The lamps had been lighted and the train was speeding over the mountains south of here The conductor was collecting tickets, when he and the passengers were startled by the train suddenly stopping and a series of wild yells from the direction of the engine

The conductor hurried forward In the baggage car he met the engineer and fireman, their faces blanched with terror Just then the train began slowly moving "My God," exclaimed the engineer, "there is a crazy man in the cab" He excitedly related how at a station just passed the man had jumped on the tender, and covering the engineer and fireman with a pistol had forced them to leave and climb back into the baggage car

No time was to be lost All brakes were hard down the train was moving slowly The conductor jumped to the ground, while the engineer climbed back over the tender The conductor picked up a large stone and called to the crazy man to jump down The latter responded with a shot from a revolver As he fired out of the cab window the engineer crawled in, and seizing the throttle, stopped the train The conductor threw the stone and it felled the lunatic, cutting a terrible gash in his head He turned out to be Henry Martin, of Bentonville Va who had been crazed by liquor The passengers were badly frightened

MOORE STILL MISSING,

But His Counsel Claims He Will Appear in Court Monday, to Answer

ST LOUIS, July 19—Telegrams from Topeka, to the Post Dispatch, say that the whereabouts of Henry W Moore are still unknown Capt Johnson his attorney states that the rumors that he has fled the country are ridiculous that he is simply in hiding, that he will be on hand Monday to answer the charge of adultery and that he is deliberating as to whether he shall return to St Louis and meet the charge of larceny

Capt Johnson also states that Mrs Norton is secluded in the city, and that she will not be seen by any one till Monday next

On the other hand a dispatch to the same paper from St Joseph Mo, says that a gentleman and lady registered at the Union Depot hotel last night as J Gratz and lady The suspicion of the proprietor being aroused by the gentleman's manner he induced him to change the word lady on the register to niece and they were given separate rooms This morning the man was recognized as Mr Moore, and he finally admitted his identity and said Mrs Norton was with him, but would not talk about their affairs They went east on the Hannibal & St Joseph railroad at 8 15 this morning

Later advices from Topeka say all the baggage and personal effects of Mrs Norton are still at the Copeland hotel, and that Moore's baggage is at the jail, where it was taken when he was first placed in confinement This would go to show that the runaways are not very far from Topeka

TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

Proceedings of the Annual Convention in Session at San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19—The annual convention of the Teachers' association has began here Delegates were present from every part of the United States, also a number from foreign countries President Aaron Gove called the convention to order N P McBride, of Iowa was made temporary secretary Committees on resolutions and necrology were appointed

Papers were then read on "Literature in Reading Courses in the Common Schools"

Horace E Scudder, of Cambridge Mass, read a paper favoring the use of the classic authors in reading books Leroy Halsey of Battle Creek, Mich, read a paper on methods of teaching children to read Miss Mary I Beecher, of Memphis read an essay on the need of inculcating high ideals through the selections used in readers Professor W T Harris of Concord, Mass, discussed the question "Ought Young Ladies to Read the Daily Newspapers?" He took the view that the newspapers are valuable teachers of young girls in spite of their records of crime Knowledge is safer than ignorance The debate was also participated in by W B Powell, superintendent of schools at Washington, D H Parkinson, of Carbondale, Ill, and others

Ginger Ale Decided to Intoxicate

WATERLOO Iowa July 19—Judge Couch has decided that ginger ale [illegible] in the case of certain saloon keepers in Buchanan county, who have been selling ginger ale which contains 8 per cent alcohol The court granted a perpetual injunction against the buildings and the saloon men, and ordered the sheriff to proceed at once and close the saloons and sell the fixtures to meet the costs.

German Brig Ashore

NORFOLK Va July 19—The German brig Annacan with turpentine from Savannah Ga, for Glasgow is reported ashore on Hatteras Shoals, N C The crew have been saved

CONSPIRACY UNMASKED.

THE "Q" DYNAMITERS PROVEN TO BE PINKERTON DETECTIVES

Several of the Warrants Sworn Out Previous to the Crime—Bowles the Squealer on the Witness Stand—Exciting Scene in the Court Room

CHICAGO July 19—In the Burlington dynamite conspiracy case the defense scored a point by showing that several of the warrants were sworn out before the crime was committed A profound sensation was created by the following revelation

"Do you know Wilson?" asked Attorney Donohoe of Detective McGinn The latter visibly trembled, and a delay of nearly five minutes followed before he answered the question He finally acknowledged that Wilson one of the conspirators so called was in the employ of the Pinkerton agency

"Are there any other of the defendants in the employ of your agency?" asked Mr Donohoe At this question the witness smiled and said "no"

"Before we are through with your examination" exclaimed Attorney Donohoe, "we will have no client at all"

At this point District Attorney Loving capped the climax of astonishment prevailing, the court by stating that Wilson waived examination and that the charge against him was dismissed The attorneys for the defense however demanded that he should not be permitted to leave the court and asked whether he was to be examined as a witness Attorney Dawes for the railroad company promised that he should not be allowed to escape From this moment the proceedings were of an intensely sensational character

"Why didn't you arrest the fourth man why did you allow him to get away?" asked Attorney Donohoe

"I thought I had my hands full with Mulligan"

"Why, isn't Mulligan, the man Wilson, now in court, your own operative?"

"Yes" responded Capt McGinn

"And you actually assign this before the court and before the world as your reason for permitting the fourth man to escape?"

To this question Capt McGinn made no reply

"Do you know whether that fourth man was the man who put the dynamite package in the car?"

"I do not," replied McGinn

After some further testimony court adjourned for dinner

John Alexander Bowles, the "squealer," was the first witness at the afternoon session in the Burlington dynamite case The proceedings were of a lively nature, personal altercations between counsel being frequent, and at one time active hostilities were threatened Attorney Donohoe, of counsel for the defense, announcing that he would break the witness's head with a chair if he addressed any further impertinent remarks to him The court succeeded in preserving the peace only by frequent and sharp admonitions to the belligerents

Bowles began his testimony by stating that he had talked with the defendant, Bauereisen, in regard to dynamite and that the latter had given him the money to purchase the explosive Godin another of the defendants was present at the time Witness then related how he went to Chicago, and failing to purchase dynamite there, went to Noblesville, Ind, where he secured some, which he brought to Chicago and showed to Chairman Hoge He also met Bauereisen at Chicago, who instructed him to go anywhere west Witness then went to Galesburg where he met Clark in company with whom he hired a buggy and went out to place the dynamite on the railroad track When they arrived at the place selected witness' heart failed him and he returned without having used the dynamite

This statement provoked exclamations of incredulity from the defendant's counsel, which the witness resented and it was some time before order was restored Continuing Bowles said that Bauereisen again furnished him money to buy more dynamite which he procured at Noblesville and brought to Chicago, where he showed it as before to Hoge Kelly and Fowler also saw this last installment Hoge gave witness $3 and he went to Aurora At this point hostilities broke out afresh Attorney Donohoe asked witness if the $3 was not merely a loan from Hoge Witness replied that it might be called a loan but that he (Donohoe) had probably borrowed in any that way and would likely do it again Then Mr Donohoe's color arose, and he made the announcement referred to above in connection with the witness' head and a chair

Witness then went on to describe how he bought a third lot of dynamite with money furnished by Bauereisen, and how he placed it on the railroad track a short distance from Aurora, where it was exploded He heard of the effects of the explosion the next day Bauereisen then gave him money to buy more dynamite, but while witness was at Castleton, Ind, for that purpose, he received a letter from Bauereisen directing him to stop the dynamite work as suspicion had been aroused

The cross examination failed to shake Bowles' testimony He acknowledged that he had lied to the attorneys for the defense while he was in jail, "but" he added, naively, "I was not under oath then" He had not been promised immunity on account of his confession and expected to be punished for what he had done

At the conclusion of Bowles' examination the prosecution announced that they rested their case, and court adjourned for the day

The general feeling among the ex employes of the Burlington road is that the "Q" strike will not be declared off The men are confident that if the Brotherhood holds out a little longer the road will have to succumb to the demands of the strikers To give up now would be to leave the men in just the same position they now occupy, as the company has given it out flatfooted that no settlement can be reached, and that in the event of the strike being declared at an end, the old employes must wait their turn for positions, which means in effect that those at work at present will hold still tighter to their places

NEW YORK, July 19—The Republican committee have selected No 91 Fifth avenue as their headquarters.

BRIEF MENTION

News of the Day Condensed for the Hasty Peruser

Piqua O, is to have a street car line.

The court house at Athens, Tenn, was damaged by an explosion

Henry C Elbert was hanged at Jersey City, N J, for the murder of his wife

There is to be a reunion of Gen Schenck's brigade at Franklin O, July 21

Congress has appropriated $1,000,000 for a public library building in Washington

Tommie Hannigan of Cincinnati, is spoiling for a fight with Mike Hogan, of Pittsburg

Richard Kearney was hanged at Freehold, N J, for the murder of Mrs. Margaret Purcell

The Sash, Door and Blind association of the northwest held its annual meeting at Lake Minnetonka

The National Base Ball League will have five umpires so that an available man may be ready for an emergency

Ed Bligh, the Southern League catcher engaged by Cincinnati has telegraphed that he will report in a few days

W A Tutts who was to have been hanged at Washington, N C, suicided with chloroform and morphine Tuesday night.

The National Business Educators' association opened its annual convention in Minneapolis with about fifty members present

William Harding, a brakeman on a C, A & C freight train, was seriously injured by falling from the top of a box car near Mt Vernon O

Dock League a telegraph operator, of Mechanicsburg O, was seriously injured by falling from the platform of a fast train on the Bee line near Springfield

The farmers of Crawford county, Illinois, have resolved not to raise any wheat, barley or rye for the next three years, in an effort to exterminate the chinch bug

The conferees' committee of the Western Iron association met at Pittsburg and, after a long session concluded that it would be best for the association to dissolve

Henry Umbach, who mysteriously disappeared from his home in Lansingburg, N Y, and who was supposed to have been murdered for his money, arrived in that city from Cincinnati where he had been in the hospital for a few days

A dispatch received from Albany states that Governor Hill has fixed Monday at 2 p m as the time for hearing the argument in the Ives case

The meanest sneak thieves in the country are robbing laboring men of their wages on the public highway of Connersville, Ind Four of the thugs were captured

At Fayetteville, Tenn, a fire destroyed the Elk National bank and several other business blocks The loss is $50 000 Four persons were prostrated by the heat

Some people are born lucky William Melzgar, of Cambridge City, Ind, took out an accident policy, and in less than five minutes broke his ankle, and is laid up on an income of $15 a week

The Ohio canal commission is making a survey of the Miami and Erie canal from Toledo to Cincinnati, a distance of [illegible] miles, for the purpose of getting a plat of all the land that has been ceded to the state for canal purposes

Jacob Daucher, arrested at Daggett, Cal, for the murder of Louis Shoenberg, at Denver, Col, and taken to San Bernardino for safekeeping, committed suicide by hanging himself in his cell He left a letter saying he was innocent.

Deputy Sheriffs Hannibal Campbell and Frank P Hollenbeck, arrested at Olathe, Kan charged with the murder of John P Reardon, at Round Prairie school house nine miles south of Olathe April 11 They had a warrant for a desperado named Rogers, and his description tallied exactly with that of Reardon

Base Ball

At Cincinnati—Cincinnati 1 Louisville 1

At Cleveland—Cleveland 7, Brooklyn 3

At St Louis—St Louis 6 Kansas City 1

At Philadelphia—Athletic 10 Baltimore 5

At Detroit—Detroit 5 Chicago 0

Indications

WASHINGTON, July 19—Rain followed by fair weather, stationary temperature variable winds

FINANCE AND COMMERCE

Quotations for the Money, Stock, Produce and Cattle Markets for July 18

NEW YORK—Money 1½ per cent Exchange steady Governments quiet

Currency sixes, 121 bid four coupons, 127¾ bid four and a half 107½ bid

The stock market opened weak at slight declines in some instances owing to advices from London of lower prices for American securities in that market, but after the first few transactions a steady buying of the Gould stocks Vanderbilts and Grangers for both accounts imparted a strong tone to the list and by noon values were up ¼ to 1½ per cent The markets in general have been very dull

Bur & Quincy	111½	Michigan Cent	83⅝
Central Pacific	33½	Missouri Pacific	81⅞
C C C & I	55⅞	N Y Central	108
Del & Hudson	132½	Northwestern	110⅝
D L Lack & W	136⅝	Ohio & Miss	20½
Illinois Central	119	Pacific Mail	36
Lake Shore	91⅞	St Paul	70⅝
Louisville & Nash	55⅜	Western Union	80⅜

Cincinnati

WHEAT—New red 78@80c old 83@85 No 2 red, new 77

CORN—No 3 mixed 51c No 2 mixed 50@51c

WOOL—Unwashed fine merino 17@18c one fourth blood combing 20@21c medium delaine and combing 23@24c braid 16@17 medium combing 26@— fleece washed fine merino X and XX, 25@28 medium clothing, 30@31c delaine fleece 30@32c

HAY—No 1 timothy $16 50@16 50 No 2 $12 00@14 00 mixed $11 00@13 00 prairie $10 00@11 00 wheat, oats and rye straw $4 00@7 00

CATTLE—Good to choice butchers $4 25@4 65 fair, $3 25@4 00 common $[illegible], stockers and feeders $2 25@3 75 yearlings and calves $2 00@3 00

HOGS—Select butchers $6 00@6 12½ fair to good packing $5 75@6 00 fair to good light $5 00@5 75 common $4 50@5 60 culls $4 00@4 40

SHEEP—Common to fair $2 75@3 50 good to choice $4 00@4 70

LAMBS—$4 00@5 50

Pittsburg

CATTLE—Prime $5 25@5 65 fair to good, $4 00@4 70 common $[illegible]

HOGS—Philadelphias $6 15@6 25, mixed $6 00@6 15 Yorkers $5 90@6 00 common to fair, $5 50@5 80 [illegible]

SHEEP—Prime $4 75@4 85 fair to good, $4 00@4 25 common to [illegible]

LAMBS—$5 00@[illegible]

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STAR PUBLISHING CO. . PROPRIETORS

SATURDAY JULY 21

MR. MCNEAL says we do him an injustice in saying he was invited to Edison by a relative, and we hereby give currency to his denial. We believed we had the statement reliably and published the fact to show that Morrow county was not howling and yelling for him any more than it was for any other man. Davis' candidacy has been assailed on that very claim, and we know it to be false. If we have misrepresented the Edison affair we are pleased to correct it, but there are two-sided reports from there and the reader can take his choice.

COL. CHRISTIAN'S Congressional boom it It has been murdered without resistance and was buried at Delaware last week, the ceremonies being under the charge of Dan'l Flannagan, of Kenton. The Democrats could have afforded to wait until after the Republican nomination for there may be conditions under which Christian would have been given a rousing support in the county. As it is we shall see history repeat itself and record another Braddock's defeat in November.

THE name of the Democratic nominee is Braddock, but the name of the Republican nominee is what keeps a great many busy guessing. If any fellow wants a dead, straight tip we'll give it to him and whisper right here that his name is W. Z. Davis. Of course this is contrary to the reports of the Prospect Monitor and the cheap wind bags who write strange things for the Commercial Gazette, but this isn't given for the sake of keeping up appearances.

THE Republican National Committee organized in New York by electing Col. Quay, of Pennsylvania, Chairman, and Senator Fassett, of New York, Secretary, and the same officials hold similar positions in the National Executive Committee. Mr. Quay is one of the most thorough organizers in the United States and a man that "knows the political ropes." In this he is ably seconded by Mr. Fassett. An active campaign can be confidently looked for.

THE Council has finally agreed on the waterworks dilemma, and unless Bullock pays up and begins real work by Monday, July 2[illegible], the franchise will be annulled and given to other parties. The Council has great regard for Mr. Morrison, and it can be truthfully said that Bullock would have been dropped long ago had it not been for the esteem entertained for his engineer who has had charge of affairs here.

THE English and German physicians are quarreling over the nature and treatment of the malady of the late German Emperor. *If big doctors fight with proportionate bitterness to the little ones*, our people can form an idea of this great medical warfare by calling to mind the late unpleasantness about a case of arsenic poison in this city recently forgotten after much talk of investigation that was not made.

BRADDOCK is reputed to be a very excellent gentleman and will make a strong Congressional candidate. The impression is strong, however, that his nomination was made to strengthen Cooper's third term boom and we are *not to be* fooled that way in this section. Let this be a suggestion to Marion candidates—not to carry their fight beyond the possibility of harmonizing on the man with the majority.

THE campaign is not yet on in Ohio, but rather a good ways off. Herein is the beauty of the abandonment of the October election. Four years ago we were amusing the whole country with a fierce political contest one month in advance of all others, and the campaign had to be fought the second time.

GEN'L BOULANGER is really a great man and the greatest Frenchman of them all. He seems to have done what no other citizen of the French republic ever has—he has been seriously wounded in a real duel. That is something unheard of heretofore.

Where New York Is Shrewd.

Where then is New York's future generation to come from?

Surely not from the slums! No, the case is not quite that bad. I sometimes think that New York considers life in the *metropolis as a perfected sort of existence* and that the rest of the country is a nursery in which men and women are prepared for graduation to the higher sphere of Manhattan Island. This would explain the treatment given New York children. For instance, Daniel Dougherty was just as eloquent in Philadelphia as he was in New York.

But he came to New York and the ink upon his paper of adoption is not yet dry when he is introduced to the national assemblage of his party as a son of the empire state, and as such is honored beyond any man in the delegation of which he is a member. So with Ingersoll and the picturesque Ochiltree. They are now New Yorkers. It is the same way in all walks of life. Look at the art of journalism. Pulitzer, Cockerill, John Russell Young, Dana, Reid, Jones and all the men famous in metropolitan newspaperdom are domestic emigrants. Joe Howard is the only prominent New York newspaper writer who is to the manner born and he comes from Brooklyn across the river. New York takes the children of other localities to her bosom and makes them her own and shines in the luster of their acts.

And that is where New York is smart.—New York Cor. Philadelphia Times.

THE SILK WORM.

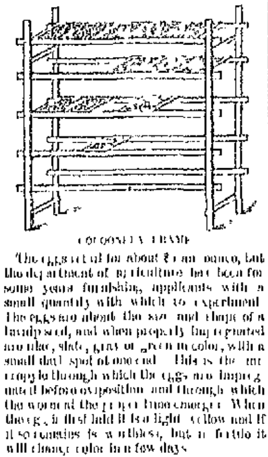
INSTRUCTIONS FOR ITS CULTURE FROM ONE OF EXPERIENCE.

Silk Culture in America—Value of the Cocoon—Food for the Worm—Molting, Spinning—Gathering the Cocoons—Killing the Chrysalis—Tending the Moths.

[Special Correspondence.]

DELAND, Fla., July 1[illegible].—The United States is now said to be the third silk producing country of the world. It has every advantage. The worms here are usually healthy and food is very easily obtained. The work is fatiguing, but it is fascinating, pleasant, and, in a measure, profitable. It is not a fortune in itself, for the season in our northern and western states is short, about six weeks. But there are persons who in that time make between $300 and $400. And I have this season been ready to receive $[illegible] for the cocoons from three-fourths of an ounce of eggs. An ounce is estimated as 40,000. Good cocoons bring $1 to $1.50 a pound.

In preparing to raise silk worms the first step should be to secure plenty of food. The Osage orange, so common in some of our more northern and western states for hedging, is splendid food for them and the mulberry thrives in the south like a weed. There are native mulberries on which the worms do not thrive, but the imported varieties are perfectly at home in the United States. The Multicaulis, a variety of the white mulberry, is preferable. Any land that will raise corn will raise mulberries. You can have about 1,500 trees to the acre and one acre in full bearing should feed 1,000,000 worms.

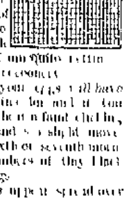


COCOONERY FRAME.

The eggs sell for about $[illegible] an ounce, but the department of agriculture has been for some years furnishing applicants with a small quantity with which to experiment. The eggs are about the size and shape of a turnip seed, and when properly impregnated are lilac, slate, gray or green in color, with a small dull spot at one end. This is the micropyle through which the eggs are impregnated before oviposition and through which the worm at the proper time emerges. When the egg is first laid it is a light yellow and if it so remains is worthless, but if fertile it will change color in a few days.

Having secured the eggs, being sure to obtain them from a reliable source, place them where they can be kept cold and in no *danger of hatching prematurely*. If they should, however, get the start of you, feed them on dandelion or tender lettuce. They do not relish this food, but can live on it a short time. When the leaves begin to put forth on gum trees, hatch the eggs by spreading them evenly on a tray in some place where the temperature can be kept at about 80 degs. Keep the air moist if possible, as that will assist the hatching. After doing your eggs—I have always cut mine in my living room near the stove, covering them lightly, and keeping the kettle boiling for their benefit—prepare your cocoonery. For this any room will do that can be well warmed and ventilated. Its furniture consists of tall strong frames reaching nearly to the ceiling, so made that when the trays rest upon them the trays will be about two feet apart, one above the other.

The feeding trays are where the worms live and eat. Until spinning time they are content to stay within these narrow boundaries. The trays are made by nailing together four pieces of lath, edgewise, of a convenient size to handle, about 2½x4 feet is a good size. They are then crossed with twine half an inch apart as here shown. Plenty of these, with a small stove, a thermometer, a couple of tables and plenty of unsized cotton—white—will furnish the cocoonery.



In about six days your eggs will have turned a little lighter in color and if you observe closely you can hear a faint clicking sound among them, and see slight movements and about the sixth or seventh morning you will find numbers of tiny black creatures among the eggs.

As soon as the worms appear spread over them a piece of mosquito netting and sprinkle it with bits of leaf, and these will soon be covered with the little things, who immediately begin the work for which they seem to have been created. They eat incessantly, ravenously, and the delighted attendant never tires of watching them. I have got out of bed in the night and watched them unmindful of the flight of time and danger of chills. You can see them grow in size and comeliness. While small they are not very exacting in their demands, yet a great deal of time is apt to be spent (not ill spent either) in these observations. Each day they are larger and eat more. [illegible] The first day they [illegible] a small leaf and they should be plentifully fed from the first. The leaves will get dry before the young worms can eat them and should be given frequently and in small quantities. The leaves must be fresh and never wet or damp. Sunshine and water are the things for flowers, human beings and most other creatures, "just and unjust." But the sun does not shine nor the rains fall on the silk worms [illegible] must be carefully kept from the dampness of the [illegible] It is better therefore to get the leaves [illegible] at night so there will be no dew upon them and before a storm [illegible] which are [illegible] They should [illegible] early in the morning [illegible] o'clock in the afternoon. [illegible] manage to have them [illegible] your worms [illegible] apparently [illegible] in the morning. But [illegible] fed [illegible]

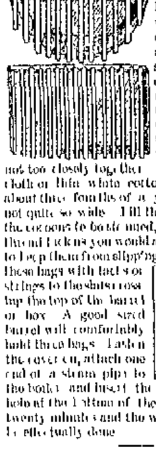
Most of the [illegible] will [illegible] show [illegible] begin [illegible] it will [illegible] The [illegible] learning [illegible] front of its body, [illegible] state and listless for several hours. They are frequently quite sick and die even during the molt, but if they are kept clean, have plenty of pure air and fresh food your losses in this way will be few. After each molt your worms will be lighter in color and prettier.

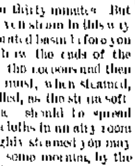
The silk worm is very gentle. It never bites; *it has nothing or means of defense*. It is always hungry, except during the molts, when no food must be given and it should not be disturbed. But as soon as the worm awakes it is ready for *food*, which should be ready in abundance on clean trays.

From the second week of its life on to the last the amount of refuse that accumulates is astonishing. The trays should be changed daily, or they will become sour and mold, and silk worms are, if possible, more susceptible to disease arising from filthy conditions than are human beings. They cannot endure dust, tobacco smoke or bad air and this determination toward cleanliness, together with the leaf picking, makes life pretty stirring for the attendant. About eight days after the fourth molt the hitherto quiet worms begin to get restless. They leave the trays and go prospecting for likely places in which to bestow their golden treasure. They are not always easy to please. They have a knowledge of their own, and your wishes may not be theirs, and if not, they will gain the day. You can tie two trays together and fasten in those where they are feeding, place brush, shavings, crumpled pieces of cloth, net or paper, small paper boxes or cones to tempt their wandering fancy, and yet some of them will spin in the dirt and disorder of the feeding trays, and others will manage to elude your watchful eye, escape from the racks to the floor or ceiling, and spin in cracks or corners. But it is an era in the culturist's life when she sees the first little golden ball.

The worm just before spinning cleans its body and becomes a beautiful, almost golden color, nearly transparent. After that it never eats. Its hour approaches and, securing the place it seeks, it first attaches a thread to one place, then to another, much as a spider does, except that the worm draws the thread from a little tube on its under lip—the spinnet it is called—turning its head from side to side as it spins in short loops, thus 88888. After fastening its supports securely it goes to the center, turns itself backward like a horseshoe with its feet out, and begins its little coffin. Gradually the veil thickens and covers it and shuts from our sight the busy little creature who toils on long after we lose sight of him.

In about six days from the time the spinning began, gather your cocoons. Do not select the largest but the firmest and smoothest in texture, that is, if you wish to continue the business another season. For an ounce of seed you will need from 200 to 250 cocoons. These can be strung carefully, taking pains not to pierce the chrysalis with your needle, and hung out of reach of mice. Or they can be loosely laid in boxes or shallow pans. The moths will not appear for several days, but those days will not be idle ones by any means. The cocoons must be stripped of the floss, or outer silk, and steamed or baked in order to kill the chrysalis. Steaming is the easiest and best method of stifling. If near a place where a steam engine is working a good way of steaming is to have a tight box or barrel with a hole near the bottom and supports across the top as shown in the diagrams, but not too closely together. Then take cheese cloth or thin white cotton and make bags about three-fourths of a yard in length and not quite so wide. Fill these carefully with the cocoons to be steamed, and with a stout thread tack as you would a mattress. This is to keep them from slipping together. Fasten these bags with tacks or strings to the slats across the top of the barrel or box. A good sized barrel will comfortably hold three bags. Fasten the cover on, attach one end of a steam pipe to the boiler and insert the other end in the hole at the bottom of the barrel; steam for twenty minutes and the work of stifling will be effectually done.





Another plan is to have a large vessel in which a smaller perforated one can sit without touching the water. The cocoons to be put in the smaller one, and the water to boil furiously twenty-five or thirty minutes. But this is tedious. When you steam in this way lay a cloth in the perforated basin before you put the cocoons in, draw the ends of the cloth over the top of the cocoons and then put on the lid. They must, when steamed, be very carefully handled, as they are soft. Care for them so, and they should be spread evenly on clean white cloths in an airy room to dry. If not thoroughly steamed you may expect to be greeted some morning by the fluttering wings of the escaped prisoners whom a moderate steaming seems not to affect.

When the chrysalis has burst the shroud and made ready to enter upon its new plane of existence, which it does by gently forcing apart one end of the cocoon, it comes forth a very pretty little moth clad in furry whiteness with brown flecks, antennae and delicate traceries of wing. As when a mere worm, it is still the most helpless of creatures, being able neither to fly, to eat nor in any way to protect itself against injury. Ants, roaches, mice, birds—all are its enemies. Ants will carry off the eggs and even pieces of the body of the living moth as she is emerging from the cocoon and tear away the eggs with which she is laden. The ants, we all know, are a very enterprising people.

As the moths pair they should be gently lifted aside from the unmated ones and placed where they can be undisturbed for about six hours. When separating them handle very gently, so as not to injure either. Place the females for a few moments on sheets of blotting or other soft paper, and when they have discharged a liquid place them on the cards or cloths where it is intended they shall deposit their eggs. If the worms have been perfectly healthy, and you do not intend the eggs for sale, but for your own use another year, and are not going to submit them to a microscopical examination, I prefer woolen cloths, which can after a while be hung up in dark places, or if you [illegible] after ascertaining that the eggs are good (which as I have before mentioned, is shown by their change of color) dip the cloth in cool, salt water and fold for a few moments. Then, with a blunt knife or paper folder scrape them gently off, dry them [illegible] in the shade. Let them dry. When thoroughly dry put away in tins in bags or perforated tin boxes where plenty of air and no vermin can reach them, and look at them occasionally to see that they do not mold. Keep them in a cool place. If it is freezing, don't be anxious—they have been sent to foreign climes on ice and will suffer no harm—but guard against too great warmth, for if a sudden warm spell comes, or the heat of a stove is too near them they may hatch.

LUCY M. FOX.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

FRESH AND VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM MANY QUARTERS.

The Lantern Flies or "Cucuyos" of Cuba and Brazil Lend Kindly to Scientific Experiments—What Was Done in the Line of Photography by This Phosphorescence.

Several species of beetles are luminous in the dark. The common firefly is too well known to need a special description, but its powers are feeble compared with the so called "lantern flies," or "cucuyos," found in Cuba, Brazil and Mexico. M. Michelet records extraordinary stories of these natural lamps hung on trees in the dark southern forests. He tells us that persons traveling by night are accustomed to put these fire beetles from the bushes and fix them on their boots so as to show the pathway, and put to flight lurking serpents. In the morning the insects are carefully replaced on other bushes, so as to be at hand for the next lonely tourist that may need their aid. Mexican ladies are said to mount the cucuyos as gems in their hair, and string them as living diamonds around their waists.

A living specimen of the elater, as these lantern flies are termed by scientists, was recently presented to the Bridgeport Scientific Society, and a writer in The Scientific American describes it as about one and one-half inches in length and of a dark brown color. Being desirous of seeing what might be done in the line of photography by this novel phosphorescence, experiments were made in this direction. According to the authority quoted from, the elater or lantern bug was held in the fingers within one inch of the original to be copied, and in such a position as to allow the rays to fall perpendicularly on the negative. The time of exposure to bug light was thirty seconds. The subsequent development was by the usual process. In the cut is shown the copy of a family portrait said to have been photographed in the experiment described.

BEETLE PHOTOGRAPHS.

Testing Waste Pipes.

Sanitary News considers the water test among the most severe ones. Air pressure, while not so satisfactory in point of immediate results, has the advantage of being distributed with nearly equal force to every point in the system. The mercurial gauge easily detects the fact of a leak, and the substitution of an odorous smoke for air quickly locates the spot. The peppermint test is well known as being well adapted to old work as well as new. A modification of this was tried the other day in this city by a gentleman whose cat was made the detector. An infusion of valerian was poured down the vent pipe, and pussy was given the run of the rooms and passages where any escape might reach. She located three leaks and came near uncovering them, too, in her eagerness to reach the, to her, attractive odor.

That New Material, Woodite.

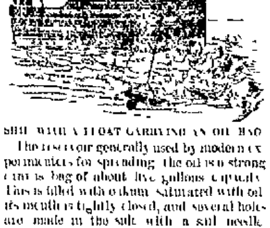
Engineering gives an account of a new material bearing the name of "woodite," which is being introduced as a protection to ships of war, and for many other purposes. Woodite is a substance bearing a strong resemblance to native india rubber, but unlike that material it never grows sticky, and resists the action of oils and heat. If it be placed on the outside of a vessel a shot may be driven through it, and yet it will close up so completely that it is difficult to find the speck which marks the spot where the shot entered. Woodite is coming into use for many commercial purposes, such as delivery valves, air pump valves, packing, wheel tires, and it is said to be far more beneficial for these purposes than either leather or india rubber.

Execution by Electricity.

The bill signed by Governor Hill June 4 authorizing that criminals shall be put to death by an electric shock, is to go into effect Jan. 1, 1889. The new method of execution will be applied in the punishment of crimes after that date in New York state.

Calming the Sea with Oil.

There is proof existing which shows that *calming the sea with oil is not a new idea*, but the revival of a very ancient practice. Of late many experiments have been made which appear to demonstrate the practicability of calming breakers by means of oil judiciously distributed on the troubled waters.



SHIP WITH A FLOAT CARRYING AN OIL BAG.

The reservoir generally used by modern experimenters for spreading the oil is a strong canvas bag of about five gallons capacity. This is filled with oakum saturated with oil; its mouth is tightly closed, and several holes are made in the side with a sail needle. When the wind is astern one of these bags is often allowed to trail from each angle of the stern or from a point a little farther forward. Certain captains, however, prefer to attach the bags to their catheads. The bow of the ship, in plunging and repelling the sea, thus spreads the oil and widens the path where the breakers are suppressed. This arrangement appears to be very efficacious.

In order to be thoroughly efficient, says La Nature, the apparatus must be capable of being placed at a certain distance off on the sea, and so arranged that the outflow can be regulated for running with side or rear winds. Unfortunately the problem is far from being solved, but, adhering to the use of bags, the outflow from which cannot be regulated, Admiral Cloué thinks that it would be very advantageous to fix these upon floats that might, after a manner, be directed at will and sent to some distance from the ship. The cut shows the arrangement proposed by him to this effect. The float employed, which receives the bag in the center, is eight feet in length and is provided with a rope girdle, to which is attached a tow line passing through a pulley fixed to a boom made attached to the cathead. The tow line comes on board by passing over the bows. If such a float be put into the sea it will, through the very speed of the ship, gradually come to a position in which it will efficiently protect the front by furnishing a layer of oil extending all along the vessel. An analogous arrangement may be very advantageously applied to lifeboats. These latter should be so arranged as to receive the bags either at the bow or stern or at the sides, suspended from the extremity of a spar if need be.

ALL AROUND THE HOUSE.

Pretty Uses for Seaweeds—Fashionable and Favorite Beverages.

Various decorative uses for the seaweeds that the coming months afford an opportunity to visitors to the seaside to collect, are suggested by Decorator and Furnisher. They *may be used on the lids and sides of glass* caskets, as borders and even foregrounds to water color paintings, and on picture and mirror frames; meanwhile, until visitors return home, being kept in a scrap book. When collected they are dried between blotting paper and then washed with mastic gum dissolved in turpentine, which gives them a fresh appearance. They are affixed to the leaves of the scrap book, which should have a flexible back, by means of gum, and may easily be detached by dampening the reverse side of the leaves. Very charming monograms and various fanciful designs may be formed with seaweeds. They make excellent borders for the outside surface of the glass of aquariums.

Favorite Beverages.

Claret cup and champagne cup are fashionable beverages for receptions and ball suppers and are usually provided for gentlemen at garden parties. They may be prepared by the following recipe:

To every bottle of claret allow one of soda water and one of lemonade (or half a siphon), half a wine glass of brandy and a dessert spoonful of Maraschino; sweeten to taste, and if procurable, put in a sprig of borage and a bit of cucumber rind, allowing them to remain in about a quarter of an hour. A sprig of mint just passed through once or twice is an improvement. For champagne cup, allow to each bottle one of seltzer, half a wine glass of brandy, a dessert spoonful of curacoa and sugar to taste; stir well together with a large spoon and pour into glass jugs, and leave in a cool place till near supper time. In warm weather put a lump of ice in each jug a few minutes before required.

Violet Potpourri.

The first requisite is a small jar, as fashion dictates in the matter of size that they shall be smaller than those used for roses. To each layer of violets a slight sprinkling of salt, a layer added each day until the jar is filled. When filled add a few drops of triple extract of violet, and keep tightly closed until required for use. A correspondent of Good Housekeeping describes the above as a more dainty and delicious addition to the toilet *table than a rose jar*.

Flower and Fruit Baskets.

Baskets for holding flowers and fruits are gotten up in most attractive styles, a particular feature of the newest ones being the drapery employed upon them, which is well illustrated in the basket for flowers shown in the cut.

DRAPED FLOWER BASKET.

This basket is of fine wicker work or rushes, daintily draped with wide sash ribbon or twill or pongee silk.

A handsome fruit basket for the dining room is circular in form and of silver or gilt willow work, elegantly set off with an Oriental *scarf and a mono drooping* bow together with two roses, real or artificial. Vine leaves with bunches of black and white grapes or currants are deftly entwined round the arched handle, whilst peaches, plums, etc., are imbedded in moss.

Odd and Handsome Fancy Work.

Among new and odd things in fancy work is leather mosaic, which appears among recent specimens of English decorative work. The mosaic is used for borders, center pieces of cushions and a variety of purposes.

The mosaic consists of squares of leather cut from old gloves, properly cleaned with benzine, and arranged in a pattern of various colors. These squares are sewed to a foundation of canvas with silk of the same color as the leather, and with stars of claret filoselle. The seams between the rows of squares are covered with fine metal cord. A handsome cushion consists of a large square center of this mosaic framed in a wide border of brown plush.

Mock Cream.

When cream for coffee is not at hand heat a quart of new milk, then work together a dessert spoonful of sweet butter with a teaspoonful of flour, thinning it with a little of the hot milk. Add the mixture to the milk and beat it constantly for five minutes while boiling; then remove it from the fire and continue to beat it for five minutes longer. Have ready, well beaten, very light, the *yolks of two fresh eggs and add them to the* cream while hot; mix well, strain through a fine sieve and afterward beat it very light.

An Artistic Color for Reed Furniture.

The color of rosewood has been recommended as a fresh and tasteful for furniture of reed, cane or the like, and soiled chairs and other pieces of plain reed or willow might be done over in this way to look fresh and new. The formula for the varnish is as follows: To one gallon of alcohol add one pound each of extract of logwood and sanders and dragon's blood and half a pound of shellac. Stir the varnish, when dissolved, and give two or more coats with a brush; finish with a coat or two of ordinary varnish.

Milk for a Traveler's Lunch.

When you want to send off milk in bottles for a traveler's lunch, two tablespoonfuls of lime water put first into a pint bottle will, it is claimed, keep the milk sweet even in hot summer weather; and if a wet cloth is wrapped around the bottle and this covered with a dry one the milk will keep cool into the bargain.

Cream Pie.

A lady famous for good cookery makes her cream pies as follows: One pint of cream, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour, a little nutmeg, the white of one egg not beaten separately, but stirred thoroughly with the flour and sugar. Bake with two crusts. Bake slowly, keeping a place open in the upper crust to let the steam escape.

Cherry Shrub.

Cherry shrub is an old but delightful hot weather drink. Boil the cherries till tender, strain out the juice, and to each quart put one pint of sugar. Cook fifteen minutes, bottle and seal the corks with wax. Put a tablespoonful of this syrup in a tumbler and fill up with ice water.

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Those suffering from nervous debility, the symptoms of which are a dull, distressed mind which unfits them for performing their business and social duties, makes happy marriage impossible, distress the action of the heart causing flushes of heat, depression of spirits, evil forebodings, cowardice, fear, dreams, short breathing, melancholy, tire easily of company and have a preference to be alone, feeling as tired in the morning as when retiring, lost manhood, white bone deposits in the urine, nervousness, trembling, confusion of thoughts, watery and weak eyes, dyspepsia, constipation, paleness, pain and weakness in the limbs, etc., should consult Dr. Albert immediately and be restored to health.

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Who have become victims of solitary vice, that dreadful and destructive habit which annually sweeps to an untimely grave thousands of young men of exalted talent and brilliant intellect, may call with full confidence.

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A Summer Medicine

Summer's heat debilitates both nerves and body, and **Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration,** and an "all-played out" sensation prove that PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND should be used now. This medicine restores health to **Nerves, Kidneys, Liver,** and **Bowels,** and imparts life and energy to the heat prostrated system. Vacations or no vacations, PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is the medicine for this season. It is a scientific combination of the best tonics, and those who use it begin the hot summer days with **clear heads, strong nerves,** and general good health. PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is sold by all druggists, $1 a bottle. Six for $5.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop's, Burlington Vt.

And Hot Weather Invigorator

GOOCH'S MEXICAN SYRUP

will cure Consumption and all diseases that lead to it, such as Coughs, Colds, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Asthma, Pain in the Chest and Difficulty of Breathing. [illegible] Consumption is the result of the food not [illegible] the body [illegible] tubercular matter. To overcome this waste of vital force and restore [illegible] in the system [illegible] is to cure. This is accomplished by this syrup. It at once stops the disease by preventing the further supply of [illegible] under its influence [illegible] It thus controls Coughs, Night-sweats, Spitting of Blood, Soreness of the Chest, Inflamed Lungs, Difficulty of Breathing, and [illegible] Consumption is the scourge of America, whose victims number one fourth of the entire mortality of the United States. The success which has marked the use of Gooch's Mexican Syrup [illegible] and the living witnesses [illegible] It is endorsed by the first chemists and physicians in the world. [illegible] It only costs 50 cents and you will bless the day you tried it. [illegible] all druggists.

Farmers, Enrich Your Soil

—WITH—

DIAMOND SOLUBLE BONE.

The Best Fertilizer in the Market. For sale by

Williams & Curley,

MARION, - - - - - - OHIO

BINDER TWINE

For the Celebrated Insect Proof, Kentucky Hemp

Binder Twine

—GO TO

J. HOOD & SON'S

1,200,000 LADIES NOW WEAR THE Duplex! CORSET.

Comfortable, Elegant, Perfectly Healthful and the Most Durable known to the trade.

Double Bone! Double Seam! Double Steel!

ONE DOLLAR.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Bortree Mfg. Co., Jackson, Mich.

Ohio Normal University [illegible]

WEAK MEN! [illegible] Electric Belt & Suspensory [illegible] CANDEN ELECTRIC CO. 822 BROADWAY NEW YORK.

THIS PAPER [illegible] Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where [illegible] NEW YORK

MEN ONLY. Cure for weakness, nervousness, lack of manly vigor, development [illegible] BOOK FREE. [illegible] Buffalo, N. Y.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Thomas Dickson was in the city Monday.

—Lucas L. Foley of Urbana spent Sunday in Marion.

Mrs. A. M. Ehlers is visiting friends at Kenton for several days.

Miss Mary Johnston, of Bucyrus, is the guest of Mrs. Geo. Scofield.

—Mrs. J. M. Hills is on a short visit with her daughter, at Plymouth, O.

—E. G. Allen is building a large veranda to his residence on east Center street.

—Pete Neidig was down from Upper Sandusky. Pete is now learning the tailor's trade.

—Judge Criswell and wife and Mrs. Rev. Wallace spent Sunday afternoon at Caledonia.

—Dr. Adams went to Magnetic Springs Monday to visit Mrs. Maggie Porter professionally.

—Ed. Fite is down from Cleveland on his annual visit with his parents on east Center street.

—Richwood Gazette: Mrs. Mary Guthrie of Marion was visiting friends in Richwood this week.

—Mrs. John Bartlett left Monday for Plainfield, N. J., to visit parents and relatives for a few weeks.

—J. W. Stringer left Monday for Springfield and Dayton on business for the Marion Manufacturing Co.

—Prof. J. J. Nate of the Marion Normal, has gone to his home in Morrow Co. to spend the vacation.

—Mr. and Mrs. George Sells and daughter spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Sells' parents, in Richwood.

—W. J. Moore, associate editor of the Western Sportsman, of Indianapolis, was in the city over Sunday.

—Bucyrus Forum: Mrs. J. F. Hall of Findlay and Mrs. G. H. Wright of Marion are visiting their Bucyrus relatives.

—A. B. Hess left last Friday afternoon on a pleasure trip through Pennsylvania. He will visit his old home near Altoona.

—Misses Lottie Garrison and Lena Lusch of Richwood are visiting at the home of Miss Lusch's brother, on east South street.

—The Normal School closed its summer term last Friday, and there will now be vacation until the fall term begins in September.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Dumm, E. K. Young and C. H. Sherwood and ladies of Upper Sandusky, were spending Sunday in Marion.

—Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Johnston have returned home from Fowler, where they had been spending a week at the home of Mrs. Johnston's parents.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Keil, of Bucyrus, are stopping with A. D. Matthews and family. Mr. Keil's health is not good now and he is unable to work.

—Dr. A. L. McMurray was called to Scott Town Saturday and Monday to prescribe for Dr. C. J. Briggs, who is down sick with an attack of typhoid malarial fever.

—A son born to James W. Eun and wife Sunday morning died after having lived but two hours, and its remains were interred in the Marion cemetery in the afternoon.

—Two years ago Sunday the Erie Express first ran over the C. and A., Messenger Thomas having charge of the first train. On last Saturday Mr. Thomas resigned and will remove to Baltimore, where he has a more desirable run with the U. S. Express Company.

—By the sine die adjournment of court Saturday the bonds of ex-Treasurer Dickson and deputy Lefty became invalid and they were compelled to furnish new bonds, the former for $8000 and the latter for $5400. The new bonds were practically renewals of the old ones.

—Eight years ago Ed. Lehner helped a boy tramp, found work for him and sent him to school. In a year the boy left and nothing was seen of him until the other day a fine looking young fellow came to Urbana to thank his benefactor. The young man holds a high railroad position in Cincinnati.

An oil well in Henry county flows an oil different from the ordinary Ohio crude in odor and color. The owner claims it is genuine bear's grease formed by the sudden burying of many dens of bears in some prehistoric age. Since then internal heat has been frying out the grease until the bottle was tapped by the well.

—In referring to Bob Allen's accident the Mansfield Herald says: "While the fracture is not at all dangerous it will prevent his playing ball again this season. By this Mansfield loses the services of its best man and most popular gentleman. With Darrow disabled with a stiff knee and Allen now with a broken leg, Mansfield is seriously crippled."

—Rev. Farley, pastor of the M. E. Church at Fowler and Little Sandusky, received about 30 adults into full church connection on Sunday. Rev. A. D. Matthews preached at Fowler Sunday forenoon and at Little Sandusky in the afternoon and administered the rites of baptism by immersion to seven of the accepted members. A large concourse of people were present.

—In the Wyandot County Common Pleas Court Friday, Judge Norris decided the Kerr will case, taken up by McNeal and Hare on error of the Probate Court. Judge Norris sustained the Probate Court in both cases, the one as to the place of probating, the other as to the appointment of the Hares as executors. Take the case decided here this is a victory for the Bucyrus and Nevada crowd, but the case will go to a higher court.

—Bob Allen was brought to his parents' home in this city Friday night with a broken leg, having received the injury in playing ball with Mansfield at Sandusky that afternoon. Bob collided with the Sandusky first baseman in such a manner as to break the fibula of his right leg just below the knee. This will probably end his base ball career for this season and the accident is deeply regretted. Mansfield will be greatly reduced by the loss of Bob, for he was the brainiest player of the team.

—Mayor Gailey and family returned from Ashland Monday morning.

—Mrs. Jennie Hamilton and family of Urbana, are the guests of Mrs. M. J. Stone on east Center street.

—Rev. David Beck, D. D., of Edinstown, Pa., and his son Charles were guests of J. H. P. Lamb and family.

—Mrs. D. M. Parmenter of Molino, O., is the guest of her granddaughter, Mrs. Carrie Kimble, on south West street.

—The latest political novelty is suspenders with the names of the candidates worked upon them. Possibly this move is for the purpose of keeping the pantaloons in the proper harness.

—The Rock Swale ditch was established by the County Commissioners on Friday after the satisfactory readjustment of the apportionment, and allowing $475 of the $8000 damages claimed.

—Street Commissioner Weist is now working the only street force he has on the cleaning of gutters and waterways about town. It is a class of work more badly needed than street improvement.

—The Huber Company shipped twelve car loads of engines and threshers south, east and west Friday. What a magnificent procession it would have made had they all been going in the same direction in one train!

—Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Osborn were at Upper Sandusky Friday, attending the funeral of A. M. McCausland, of that city. Mr. McCausland was formerly a clerk at the Pierson House, and had many acquaintances in this city.

—Will Yake found a brick among those from his father's razed building bearing the date of 1821, the figures having been cut in the brick just after moulding. Will will lay it aside and have it placed in the wall of the new building.

—George Christian had a bill of $17.50 presented for flour for Music Hall during the past year. This was provided for making paste, and with these figures for data he is endeavoring to compute what the cost is to a first class theatre showing nightly.

—Andy Ritzhaupt was thrown in getting out of his buggy Friday morning and as a result his appearance is that of a man who attempted to get off the cannon ball train while going at schedule time. He fell on his head and his forehead and nose were badly bruised and scratched, besides having his hand painfully hurt.

—We note in a copy of the Anthony Kan. Republican, that the first regular train to reach that city over the Frisco railway was in charge of Conductor Murray Moore, formerly of the well known C. and A. force. Murray has moved his family there and his friends here will be pleased to know of his enjoying a good position.

—*Delaware Gazette*: Messrs. Geo. E. Donovan, Dr. R. C. Windermute and E. A. Jaynes were in Marion yesterday conferring with the Elks there, relative to a grand picnic to be held at Greenwood Lake in this city—by the Marion, Upper Sandusky and Delaware Lodges of this order. The time fixed upon for the picnic is August 30 on which occasion a big time is anticipated.

—Master Chris Kelly, a little six year old son of Mr. Kelly, of the meat market, ran *against a hitching railing in front of the* Masonic block Friday night. The force of the collision knocked the little fellow down and he received a severe contusion *over the nose where his head struck the* rail. His childish screams when hurt created considerable excitement, but the accident had no serious results.

—Things may have the appearance of dullness about here, but if any body doubts about our factories booming let him listen to the click of the telegraph instrument bringing in orders for different concerns as fast as they can be taken. Manager Snyder, of the Western Union, has been at work so hard for the past week that he called in H. G. Riser this afternoon and took a half day's lay off resting himself.

—Speaking of the order of the Sons of *Veterans a prominent G. A. R. man said* recently that it was in a very flourishing condition and growing rapidly. "The Order now numbers 65,000 members," said he, "and has about 2500 camps. It is increasing at the rate of about 2000 members per month and has camps in nearly every State and Territory in the Union. Ohio has the largest membership and the largest number of camps, Pennsylvania is second and Illinois third."

—A mortgage was filed with Recorder Harraman last week, wherein the Mt. Vernon, Coshocton and Wheeling Railway Co. mortgaged all its property to Wm. Cooper, *Trustee, in the sum of $4,500,000.* Just what is meant by this action is not known, except that it be a step towards securing the needed money for the building of the road. Furthermore, the paper doesn't stipulate that the road must reach Marion—a Pleasant township terminus is mentioned, so we shall not look for Cannon Ball trains in too big a hurry.

—Just now there is considerable Congressional hustling and no stones are left unturned to lay out the aspirants with the needed votes. The time for the caucuses is drawing close and somebody's political funeral will soon be observed. By the way, we see a *Washington dispatch* in the Cincinnati Enquirer says Cooper must be returned, that he is a foremost statesman and the country will be lost without him. We confess that all this greatness has been very new to us, and we take much interest in outside papers telling us new things and telling us what we want. But Marion county is for a Marion county man and wants him bad.

—Huntington Democrat: In regard to the rumor about the Smith heirs selling their stock in the C. and A., which was published yesterday, we can give no further information today. Vice President Bypus was seen this morning just as he was getting ready for a trip to Peru, but he said he could say nothing in regard to the rumor. However there is one thing *certain, the Santa Fe are taking* all the Erie stock they can get hold of and it looks altogether possible that the rumor may be true. However, we will assert that it will be a big thing for our own if the Santa Fe should get control as it would put on additional trains and of course that would increase the force here.

ONE WEEK MORE

IS THE TIME THE COUNCIL GIVES BULLOCK TO GET TO THE FRONT

The Claims Must Be All Paid Up by Monday, July 30, or the Franchise Will Be Annulled and Given to Another Firm—Other City Business.

On council house clock had struck 9 Friday night four members of the City Dads had congregated to attend to municipal business. The familiar faces of Doc Nichols, Joe Gearhart and John Cunningham were seen early, but they, the only members ex officio, and could not set a-rolling the legislative ball. Then Farmer was not there with his crush stone contract and these hardly seemed themselves. Finally the telephone brought Moore and Marshal Redd ushered in Fahey, and with Johnston, Potter, Fairbanks, McMurray and Ackerman already present the gavel called for order.

Street and Alley business always comes first and Ackerman, the prominent figure, is Chairman of that committee. The first business under that head was the reading of a petition for sidewalks on the east side of High street, south of South street, and the matter was referred to the committee on a motion by Fahey.

Then followed a remonstrance from the Holverstott heirs, J. F. Wallace, et al., against cutting the grade of sidewalk on west side of south Main street. This remonstrance was in opposition to the petition of E. T. Campbell, and was not without effect, for the petition was referred again to the property owners.

George Brown was present and submitted a proposition to take a census of Marion and her suburbs which engaged at the school enumeration for $20. Fahey kicked from the start on an economical basis. Moore, McMurray and Potter favored it, but the motion to authorize Mr. Brown to take the census was lost by a vote of 4 to 5.

A sidewalk resolution providing for the laying of sidewalks on Orchard street between South and Canal streets, and on west Center street, south side, between Garden street and the boulevard, was presented, *read the necessary three times by the* suspension of rules and adopted.

Another resolution followed instructing the Street and Alley Committee to purchase 600 yards of crushed stone at a cost not to exceed 65 cents per yard. The rules were suspended to give the necessary three readings and the resolution passed.

Then came the subject of waterworks. Mr. Fairbanks opened with a speech explaining that Mr. Morrison was really ashamed to come and ask the Council for any more time, but that a week more was wanted. The agent of the New York Trust Company had reported favorably on *the situation here*, and Bullock would have money in a week more or not at all. He just wanted one week. Considerable discussion followed the tenor of remarks showing that the members were tired being monkeyed with by Bullock. Finally all agreed to give Bullock this one last chance and it was unanimously agreed that he must pay off all claims and begin work in that week or lose the franchise. A. H. Kling informed the Council that a gentleman was ready to accept a franchise the same as Bullock's and give bond to pay off all claims and also give bond to complete the waterworks in three months from September 1st. The members assured Mr. Kling that they were looking for that very firm unless Bullock's dishes matters properly in the last week of grace.

Then the question of sewerage came up. McMurray read a communication from Engineer Hall stating that his illness prevented him from coming to Marion at present *and he (Hall) suggested sending our local* engineer to Cincinnati to confer with him. The members thought they weren't in such a big hurry as that, and concluded to wait until Hall got better.

Then followed one of those fat quiet waits when everybody does something that is nothing. Mayor Gailey called McMurray to the chair and went out for a walk. Potter broke the spell by presenting two ordinances. The first was one granting an electric light franchise to Messrs. Robertson and Farmer, giving them street and alley privileges, etc., providing an electric light plant is completed in one year from passage of ordinance. The other was a similar ordinance to the first, except that it granted a street railway franchise on Main and Center street, provided that the line on one street be completed and cars running within two years from passage of ordinance. Both ordinances were referred to the Judiciary Committee for revision and inspection *and the matter will be discussed at a* future session.

A deed dedicating Patterson street to the village of Marion by H. True and wife, was presented the Council and accepted by ordinance after considerable discussion.

The Street and Alley Committee was instructed to provide necessary repairs on south East street, and Fairbanks was appointed to view the proposed Quaqua ditch improvement with the County Commissioners.

The motion to adjourn to Friday night developed the superstition of the members. Inasmuch as the next meeting will probably witness the winding *up of things* in waterworks franchise the majority favored some other night and thus carried the adjournment to Monday, July 30. It was remarked that the franchise was let to Holly on Friday night, and all the bad luck is charged to that reason.

W. R. C.

The members of the Woman's Relief Corps were tendered a very pleasant surprise at the close of their last meeting by being invited to remain and partake of a delicious dish of ice cream and cake, which had been provided by the most estimable President and Treasurer of the corps, Mesdames Culbertson and Wilson. The members of the corps greatly appreciated the expression of "regret" shown them in this way by their President and Treasurer *and for the "Regular" effect produced much* gratitude was felt by all present. Mrs. Culbertson and Mrs. Wilson deserve much praise for their untiring efforts in behalf of this new organization, and a great deal of credit is due them for the successful manner in which their charitable work is being carried on.

NOTES AND ITEMS

Sunday's Facts and Fancies as Noted by F. F. F.

Sunday was an unusually beautiful day, and as such was prolific of much driving. Seated in the cool shade of a maple in the dooryard of one of our East Center street "abodes," *pleasantly idling away the after*noon in conversation and wreaths of fragrant smoke, I took it upon myself to notice the passers-by, both on foot and in carriage, and if possible glean some items that would be of interest to the readers of the STAR. Among the many turnouts I noticed that illustration of misery so often seen, the young man who takes his girl out riding accompanied by her younger sister. It may be fun for the younger sister, but it is like a wet blanket on the two throbbing hearts of her companions. I've been there myself and speak with assurance. Next I noticed the happy-go-lucky smile of our "country cousin," who had brought their best girls to town for a Sunday drive. Happy, seemingly free from care, they appeared to take more enjoyment from their exercise than any figures in the breathing panorama. "It would seem as if for one another only had they thoughts, and in that occupation they were winning bliss in paying quantities." The generous idiot with three unit grown girls next came along, the bottom of the buggy-box keeping time with the foot*steps of the horse as it beat its pleasant* "tattoo" on the roadway. Then there was the individual we all know so well, who endeavors to palm off a six minute horse—over whom many "cycles of sun" had passed and on whom a score of winters had left their mark—as a two-thirty stepper, three years old in the spring. Two youths from the country added to the interest of the scene by racing up and down the street, exhibiting the incapabilities of their animals for other purposes than the trailing position on a plow. Truly, Sunday in Marion is a day of interest, deep interest. As one with my friend M. Adams who at times gives his thoughts to written page, "I longed for the rest of the grave—that rest which is the end of every care, the consummation of every sorrow."

Last Saturday night a dozen "young men of the town," regardless of the fact that people lived thereabouts, lingered on the sidewalk east of Hotel Marion and poured out the burden of their wearied souls in beautiful (?) song. I may be wrong, but I now am of the impression that was I a traveling man, and such a serenade was tendered me, I should arm myself with a shotgun and endeavor to lay to rest some of those restless souls "'neath the lithesome shade of cypress and willow."

The cornices and window caps for Lenhart's block have arrived and will soon be placed in position. Now if the proprietors of *the other two rooms* would take down their hanging signs and follow the example of the American Express Co., the block would show up in fine shape.

A few nights since we noticed one of our friends dodging into this hallway and out of that door and imagined that he was dodging a creditor. Investigation however revealed the fact that he was, by escaping and endeavoring to preserve his innocence, &c. To such straits has Leap Year brought us!

Last evening I was a listener to several experiences, all of which ended with the moral: "In driving in hot weather blessed is the man that taketh into himself much Jamaica ginger."

I was truly grieved to hear of the accident to my genial friend Allen. Fortunately he is blessed with a splendid constitution, and that together with the careful nursing he will receive, will soon put him on his feet again. I wonder what the Mansfield club will do now? It was only by his dash and energy that thus far they escaped being "tail enders."

Today many a heart mourneth and is sad for the F. C. S. T. left no bright and shining dollars in this place.

What can be the feelings of a young man who *cometh from a distant town* to see her whom he supposeth smiles for him alone, to find himself shut out by a club of admirers six deep? Such a sight greeted my eyes yesterday, and much sympathy did I feel for the unfortunate.

F. F. F.

Badly Burned

A bad case of burning occurred at the residence of Mayor Gailey Friday of last week, the house girl, Mary Gannon, being the sufferer. The gasoline stove in the rear part of the house was burning but was situated where the current of air struck it and put out the blaze. Mary had been in *some other part of the house in the mean*time, and of course the gasoline kept dropping after the blaze was blown out, and when she returned she thoughtlessly applied a match. Of course a great flame resulted, and in her efforts to put it out Mary was badly burned. In attempting to throw out the burning drip pan of gasoline her clothes were ignited and the girl would have suffered a horrible burning had it not been for the presence of mind of Mrs. P. Kelly, who saw her and ran with a blanket, in which she quickly wrapped her and smothered the flames. Mary's hands and arms were badly burned, and her head and *neck were also scorched and blistered.* George Sweeny was the first to arrive in the way of help, and after cutting off the shred of skin hanging to her arms he covered the burned portions with vaseline. Dr. Denman arrived then and the burned woman was put under his care. She was taken to the home of Al. St. Germain on *north East street*, and *is there doing* as well as could be expected.

The rear part of Mayor Gailey's house was set on fire but the prompt use of a little water soon prevented any damage.

Matters of Court

Judge Norris held a brief session of court Saturday and heard several motions and confirmed the following sales:

In the case of Farmers' Bank vs. Philip Erb, sold to J. J. Hane for $700.

In the partition case of John Search vs. Philander Search et al., ten acres sold to J. Strohl for $400.

In the case of Flora Latzler vs. Johnson et al., 89 acres sold to A. H. Kling for $2010.

The sales in the Chapel cases were all confirmed but two and they were continued to the next term of court.

TIPPECANOE AND TYLER TOO

Names of Voters Who Voted for William H. Harrison for President in the Year 1840

Below is the list of names of the veterans in Marion county who voted and participated in the memorable campaign of 1840. Dr. Fisher, *who is leading this*, endeavors to organize a club of these veteran friends, in the following names:

J. B. Fisher
W. B. Davis
Charles Smith
T. S. Reed
Joseph Susey
John T. Williams
Daniel Finn
Peter Showen
John Merchant,
James Colly
Ulmer Gooding
Erastus Cumming
Wm. P. Thew
John Wynn
John Gurley
Jacob Houser
Chris. Ulmkamer
Allen Covington
Chas. Stanfield
Chris. Leffer
Geo. Lawrence
Spen. Hastings
Hampton Wood
Nehemiah Davis,
John Moore
James Cowen
Dr. J. J. Blackburn
Noah Gillispie
J. Gillispie
Jennings Johnston
Jno. F. Davids
George Matchler
John Hudson
P. W. Thomas
Michl. Holverstott
Jas. W. Tabby
James Cull
Norton Scott
James Long
Sylvanus Cool
C. N. Prettyman
John Kennedy
Winget Cary
John Hastings
Joshua Copeland
John Tudd,
John Lumley
Wm. T. Hazen
W. A. Throckmorton
Benj. Olney
Robert Lloyd

As many of the above named persons as can are respectfully urged to meet me in Marion on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock July 28th inst., to review our old campaign and have a good time generally.

J. B. FISHER.

Bob Dumm on the Situation

[Upper Sandusky Union.]

Our old Buchanan Democratic friend Crawford, of the Marion Independent, is in trouble. Two of his bosom friends, Lawyer Davis and Lawyer McNeal, are candidates for Congress. He can't go for one without offending the other. He can't *assist either without the devil to pay* with t'other, and it is death to be neutral so far as Marion county is concerned. Marion could get the nomination provided it would concentrate on a candidate, but the "concentration" is what perplexes our friend. Now, Davis and McNeal are both good fellows. We don't know which of them we like best. Sometimes we think Davis can take a little bigger drink than McNeal and we feel very cordially towards him, but then when we know with what grace McNeal can set 'em up for the boys, our affection is between two magnets, ready to fly to either. While we think McNeal can get away with more schooners than Davis and has a greater claim on the populace, then comes in Davis with that fine bass voice, which has made "Old Hundred" famous at all the school houses in "Salt Rock" township. We think it is "Salt Rock," but it may be "Sugar Loaf," so treacherous is our memory. At any rate Tim Fahey, who is worth *a million*, *will* stand responsible for our mistakes. If he don't, Tom Kelly will. But to the point. Davis and McNeal are at sword's ends. Both call one another pet names of a delicious character, and as J. N. would have it both are right from their several standpoints. As they are both elegant fellows, both able and scholarly gentlemen, both genial and willing to step with the boys if necessary, we would like to see both of them in Congress, provided that District must have a Republican representative, for either would be a big improvement on Cooper, the present incumbent and lackey of the monopolists.

Flirtation's Bandana

For the benefit of the Democrats we give the following code of flirtations for the use of the bandana, so that they will not be guilty of making any mistake:

Folding the handkerchief: "Lend me a quarter."

Tying a knot in it: "Come over and have something."

Drawing it through the right hand: "Nothing new from Indiana."

Waving it to a friend on the next corner: "Got an extra toby in your pocket?"

Wrapping it around the wrist: "What did your wife say when you got home last night?"

Drawing it slowly through the left hand: "Will meet you around the corner in five minutes."

Giving it a quick, jerky snap with the right hand: "Can't you let me have a V till Saturday?"

Missing the pocket and letting it fall unnoticed to the ground: "No, (hic) thanks, no more today."

Removing it hurriedly from the pocket and mopping it across the brow in the presence of two friends: "Three beers."

Letting it dangle from a coat tail pocket: "We are watched—the police are onto us. *Tell the boys to come up the other street.*"

Letting it drop upon the sidewalk, falling upon it and lying in that position until picked up and carried home: "Favorable reports from doubtful districts."

The H. and M. Boys Get There

Monday night was the time set for the meeting of the Harrison and Morton Club, and as it had been announced that a drill club would organize at that time, the old members did not largely attend. But the *boys!* Well, *they were there*, and instead of twenty or thirty drilling, as many expected, there were fully half the 240 members on the floor learning the evolutions of the drill under Dr. J. H. Ebersperger. The fact is the crowd was too large for the hall, and after the boys had been marching a while they decided to get out on the street where room was plenty, and 100 came marching up Main in twos and fours as commanded, making the first club appearance on the street. The march was made on Main and on east Center to Hotel Marion and back, and then ranks were broken on the square with three rousing cheers for Harrison and Morton.

Mr. F. G. Richardson, of Hotel Marion, won the favorable regard of the boys by lighting up every front room of the hotel and opening the blinds in a way that showed off the illumination.

Excursion to Lancaster Camp Ground. Commencing July 16th, and continuing until August 6th, the C. H. V. and T. will sell round trip excursion tickets from all stations to Lancaster camp grounds at rate of two cents per mile in each direction and checked allowance of baggage. Tickets will be good returning until August 10.

—Miss Alice Hipple and Miss Ella Cherry, of Delaware, are the guests of Mrs. Salmon, south of Marion.

CINCINNATI JULY 4th to OCT. 27th.

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION OF THE OHIO VALLEY
GRAND JUBILEE celebrating the Settlement of the Northwestern Territory.
UNSURPASSED DISPLAY.
NEW BUILDINGS, FRESH EXHIBITS, NOVEL ENTERTAINMENTS, DAZZLING EFFECTS.
EXCURSION RATES FROM ALL POINTS.

SANFORD'S
Is the only exclusive
QUEENSWARE STORE
In Marion, and is the place where you can go and find an assortment in
DINNER SETS,
CHAMBER SETS,
HANGING LAMPS.
An elegant line of Chamber Sets has just arrived, and the prices are lower *than any house in Marion.*
Fies-Kling Block, South Main Street.

PURE
Manilla & Hemp
BINDER TWINE!
Price Guaranteed, at
C. B. KLING & CO.'S.

At D. YAKE'S Clearance Sale you buy $1 worth of goods for 80c. Ladies, now is the time to buy you a nice dress cheap.
20 per cent. off.

JOB PRINTING!
For Sale Bills, Posters, Dodgers, Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Cards, Labels, and all kinds of Job Printing at Reasonable prices, call at
THE STAR OFFICE.

S. S. FOX & CO.

MARION, OHIO.

Who Will Be the Next President of the United States?

This is the one great question of the day, and one, too, which is agitating considerable feeling among the general public, but of all questions now before the American people this is the most prominent of all, viz: "Where can I buy the best goods for the least money?" Especially is this so of the daily *toiler who counts his earnings over and over before investing a single* cent. The proper way for him to do is to scan the columns of the various papers, and having done so to pay S. S. FOX & CO. a visit before he buys anything in their line, as it will pay him to do so. *We have Vapor and Wood Cook Stoves, Refrigerators and Ice Cream* Freezers and a line of General House Furnishing Goods. Remember our location, the Fite Block, East Center St., Marion, O.
P. S.—Slate and Metal Roofing and Guttering a specialty.
N. B.—Be sure and call before buying.
P. S. & N. B.—Do not fail to call anyway.

PRESIDENT POLK.

A TALK WITH HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY CONCERNING HIM

Ex-Senator Whitthorne Tells How Polk Received His Nomination and Some Stories of the Campaign—Gossip About Three Great Men—Ingalls' Aphorisms

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, July 9.—One of the pleasantest talkers among the public men of the United States is ex-Senator Whitthorne, of Tennessee. Well educated and bright, he has been in public life more than forty years, and his memory embraces all of the *great men of several generations*. Immediately after his graduation at the East Tennessee university he began to study law in the office of President Polk, and when a year or so later Polk came to the White House he gave Whitthorne a place in the treasury and from that transferred him to the executive mansion, where he used him as private secretary. Senator Whitthorne is now 61 years of age. He has white hair and whiskers, but his skin is as fresh and rosy as when he was a law student, and his mind is as clear as spring water. I chatted with him tonight about President Polk. Said he:

"President Polk was a very remarkable man, and the story of his administration forms one of the most important periods of the present century. During it the Mexican war occurred and we had the annexation of Texas with all of the immense territory connected with it. During it the Oregon question was settled, and New Mexico and California were acquired. Polk was a very popular president and the history of his administration would make a very interesting volume."

"Why has it not been written?" I asked.

"One reason is," replied Senator Whitthorne, "that President Polk died before he could superintend the work. His term closed, you know, in March, 1849. During that summer he went to New Orleans, grew sick on his journey home and died at Nashville on the 15th of June, 1849. He had prepared the notes for a history of his *administration and had engaged his secretary of war,* Mr. Marcy, of New York, to write it.

"President Polk was very methodical in all his ways. He kept all of his letters and had them indexed. He kept a diary and noted everything of historic interest. He never destroyed an important paper, and as a rule kept all of his correspondence. He had a large home at Nashville which still stands, and in which his wife now lives. One room of this house he had fitted up for his biographer's workshop. He had arranged the papers in order, and the room was awaiting the coming of Secretary Marcy at the time Polk died. It has not been disturbed through all these years and the papers are now in that room in Nashville in the same condition that they were when President Polk prepared them thirty-nine years ago. It was expected that George Adams, of The Washington Star, would take them in hand and prepare a biography. He died too soon, however, and the work will have to be given to some one else."

"What were the elements of President Polk's success?"

"They were many," replied Senator Whitthorne. "He was in the first place a man of considerable ability. He had the faculty of drawing young men to him. He started into political life at an early age and made many friends and few enemies. He had a good memory and seldom forgot a face or a name. He married a good wife, and she helped him with his correspondence, advised with him as to his political actions, and acted, in short, as his confidential secretary. She was to him as much as Mrs. Logan was to the general, and while Polk was in the White House it was said that his wife made him. I don't think this was true, but she undoubtedly helped him a great deal. Another element of Polk's success was his attention to his constituents. He answered the *most trivial of letters* and he had nothing of the snob or the aristocrat about him. He was a good story teller and a good stumper. He 'mixed' well and the only time he was defeated for governor of Tennessee was when he ran against Jones. Jones defeated him because he was a better story teller and more of a demagogue than Polk.

"James C. Jones was governor of Tennessee from 1841 to 1845 and a senator early in the fifties. He was a remarkable stumper and very quick to turn everything to his own advantage. He and Polk had joint discussions throughout the state during the canvass, and as an instance of his methods may be told the following: At one time Polk was quoting from a report of the secretary of the treasury and was bringing forth some figures which were decidedly detrimental to the cause of Jones. When he had finished it Jones arose and interrupted him and asked: 'And what, Mr. Polk, did you say was the title of that book?'

"'That is the report of the secretary of the treasury,' replied Polk, with vigor and emphasis.

"'And where is it printed?' said Jones.

"Polk turned to the title page and said it was printed at the Globe office. Jones said nothing, but merely made an expressive shrug of his shoulders, which gave the audience to understand that nothing true could come out of that printing office, and that it must be false, and was [illegible]. The result of this campaign was the defeat of Polk and the election of Jones."

"How was Polk nominated for the presidency?"

"It was done at the Baltimore convention of 1844, and Polk's nomination was a surprise to all. Van Buren was the leading candidate, but had written a letter against the annexation of Texas, and it was soon seen that it was impossible to get him the two-thirds vote for nomination. Polk had expected to be nominated for vice president with Van Buren as president, and he had fixed up a Van Buren delegation from Tennessee for that purpose. Andrew Jackson wrote to Polk, [illegible] especially so because Polk stood out [illegible] against the defection of Hugh L. White, who had run against his friend Van Buren at a previous election. When Polk was nominated at Baltimore Silas Wright was chosen as vice president. He declined and Dallas took his place. After the convention Van Buren's friends claimed that they had made Polk and they wanted to run him. He made them very angry by taking Marcy, who was the head of the opposing faction in New York, as his secretary of war.

"I remember well," continued Senator Whitthorne, "my first meeting with President Polk after he had been nominated. He had sent me on horseback sixty miles from Columbia to pay a sum of money to a client of his. He was very punctual in such matters, and he wanted everything paid upon the very day that it was due. I had paid the money and was on my way back home, when about ten miles from Nashville I was told of the news by a farmer, and I yelled out so enthusiastically in my joy that the farmer must have thought I was crazy. This was in the early morning, and I rode on rapidly to Columbia. I arrived there at 10 o'clock. It was about time for the delivery of the mail, and there was as usual a crowd collected in the square at the center of the town. As I rode up I saw the nominee for president seated upon a cellar door with his chin about even with his knees, chatting to the men around him. As he saw me he jumped to his feet and came out to meet me. I congratulated him and asked him if he were not surprised at his nomination. He replied that he was not, for he had received intimations of its possibility from Aaron V. Brown and Cave Johnson. They had written that a dark horse would probably win the race, and that he was talked of. The fact that this man who had just been nominated for president could sit upon a cellar door in a most undignified position, and that he would jump up and rush out to talk to a boy like myself shows how little pomposity or snobbishness there was in President Polk's nature."

"Tell me how he looked."

"He was neither tall nor fat. He was rather fair than dark. He had a good voice and beautiful *gray eyes*. He always wore his face smoothly shaven, and his hair was dark. He dressed well and was, upon the whole, a very good looking man."

"Who," said I, "is the greatest man you have ever known?"

"I have only known three men whom I have considered as looking great, when close to them. These were Daniel Webster, Robert *E. Lee and Albert Sidney Johnston.* Webster impressed you at once with the greatness of his intellect. You felt it wherever you met him and under whatever circumstances. Lee impressed you as great, though in a different way, and there was an element of kindness in his nature which you did not feel in your contact with Webster. It was the same with Albert Sidney Johnston, and I *think I am safe in saying that these three* were all very great men."

Some of Ingalls' best thoughts come out in his private conversation, and I give you a few of his sayings, which are so characteristic that they stick in my mind. They cover many fields and numerous subjects:

"Civilization is but a veneer. The institutions of society are stuck upon an edifice of barbarism, plaster ornaments that continually peel and crumble, revealing through the rude windows of crime, disorder and violence the rough framework of brutality and ruffianism."

"The gentleman is a varnished savage. The haughty dame and the languishing belle *are but improved squaws. Beneath the* daintiest Alexandre [illegible] gloves are concealed the claws of the tiger. [illegible] behind lips that breathe love's softest syllables. Under many a blonde coiffure lies the cobra de capello."

"No gentleman, had he the power of deciding whether or not to accept life, the so-called boon of existence, knowing its joys and sorrows, its struggles, its littleness and the ever constant fight to keep itself from being obnoxious to others, would do so."

"The only real forces in this life are predominant, and man's strife against them is vain. The height to which he can rise is limited, and it is all he can do to keep from groveling in the dust."

"Nature does not care for individuals, and the individual has little to expect from nature. She disposes of her sewerage of humanity just as a great city does of its garbage. She throws the unthinking clods of mankind into the gutter, and they are carted away as though they were not flesh and blood."

"As to religion—what know we? Look at the Chinese. They number one-fourth the population of the whole world, and occupy one-tenth of the earth's surface. There are more Mohammedans than Christians, and the followers of Buddha outnumber these. These minds all come from the same source. They work in their own ways, and who can tell which is the right way? I believe Christianity is the best of religions, but the lines of belief *are not so plain that he who runs* may read."

"The Aryan race is the great race among nations, and the Puritan idea is the idea which controls the United States. It was once fashionable to sneer at Plymouth Rock, but, to me, it is one of the most impressive spots on the face of the earth. The Puritan idea is American, and in that where it appears *it swallows all others.*"

Speaking of old time law practice, Judge Ranney, of Cleveland, tells the following story of Daniel Webster: "Webster," says he, "charged big fees for his day, but, as the most eminent lawyer in the country, he was always in great demand. One day, when he was at his home in Marshfield, Mass., a Rhode Island Yankee came to get him to try a case for him at Providence, and, Yankee like, he wanted to know beforehand how much he would have to pay. Webster reckoned up the time the case would probably take and the expense of going and returning from Providence, and told the Rhode Islander his terms. The man said: 'That is a sight of money, senator, but I will hire you at that price for that number of days if you will let me sublet you for the extra time to other clients should my case be settled before the time fixed ends.'

"To this Webster agreed, with a laugh. He tried the Yankee's case, got through with it in one-third of the time stated, and the other two-thirds the Yankee let out at such rates *that he not only got his own case for* nothing, but made a handsome little pile in addition."

THOMAS J. TODD.

Greek Girls at a Village Festival

In the middle of the square was a ring, or coil, of maidens, the eldest perhaps 20 years of age, the youngest hardly more than 5 years old. No two were dressed exactly alike, yet there was a general similarity of style. All wore long, white skirts, some of delicate materials and others of heavy stuff. The overskirt, reaching to the knees, was dark and full, hanging in many folds. A broad belt of silk hung below the waist. An elaborate apron of great variety of color and decoration reached nearly to the ankles. Each maiden wore a *closely fitting vest*, generally of red, bright blue or gilt. This was cut low and round in front and served as stays. Over the upper part of the breast hung a little stomacher, on which were strung jingling gold and silver coins, the girls' chief dowry. Over and around the head (sometimes covering the lower part of the face) was wrapped a gay kerchief. Seven of the girls, however, who always stood near the head of the line, wore veils of white tissue. The maidens' sleeves showed no organic connection with any outer garment; they fitted the arm closely and were of some silk stuff, with stripes running around the arm. Most of the girls wore slippers, but a few were barefoot. The whole costume was bright with harmonious color.

About sixty of these maidens danced together, with arms interlaced in a double line for hours. The dance was led by one or two young men at the head of the line—attached to the maidens only by means of a handkerchief. The music was only the humming of the girls; rarely did the words of the song become really articulate. The steps were simple, generally three forward followed by three backward, so as to move in a circle. I saw no mixed dances of men and women in Greece, though these have been [illegible] to the cities. The men, however, as in Homer's day, have their own dances, which are much more vigorous than those of the girls.—Thomas D. Seymour in Scribner's Magazine.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER

ALLAN FORMAN ON THE LIFE OF A REPORTER

He Is a Hard Worked, Little Understood Individual—The Peculiar Qualities That Go to Make Up a Good Newspaper Man. A Slim Reporter's Advantage.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, July 9.

THERE is no business about which the average citizen is in more profound ignorance than running a newspaper, and, strangely enough, the average citizen who does not cherish the idea that he could not conduct a newspaper to better advantage than the most successful editor *in the land* is very, I might say painfully, rare. The man who will modestly defer to the physician, the lawyer, the banker or the railroad man in matters relating to their respective professions will calmly sit down and tell the editor how to conduct his business, and fancy he has conferred a favor upon the wielder of scissors and quill. He can understand the skill of the surgeon, he can appreciate the vast machinery of a banking or railroad business, but of the intricacies of newspaper work he has not the slightest conception. And yet to run a newspaper a man must have executive ability of a high order. He must have a broad and comprehensive knowledge of men and affairs, a quick and unerring judgment and an ability to tell what he knows and what he believes in a way which will interest and convince thousands of average citizens.

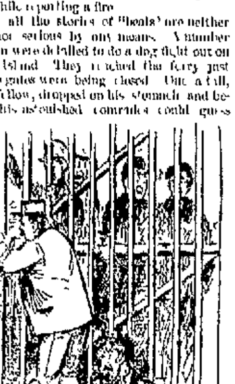
The great editor must be able to handle his men with the promptitude and accuracy with which the railroad man handles his trains. Each man on the force must know his duty and perform it. There is no time for mistakes, for news is a matter of today and yesterday's news is dead and forgotten before tomorrow dawns. He must have the politics and relations of the nations of the world at his fingers' tips, for he must be able to judge what effect today's action of the *English parliament, the news of which is* flashed to him under the ocean, will have upon the American congress or the German reichstag tomorrow. He must have his head crammed with an incongruous mass of all sorts and kinds of information. If the Rev. Mr. Jones dies suddenly he must know just which deacon to send to for an obituary, and if "Billy the Kid" challenges "Jabsey the Slugger" he must be equally certain who to have interviewed upon that important event. Possibly it is because there is so much required that there are so few really great newspaper men. Above all he must be quick, he must think and work in a flash, or he will stand a very strong chance of getting "beaten," which is in newspaper ethics the one capital crime, compared with which all other sins are as naught.

It is the struggle not to get beaten or the effort to beat somebody else which has been responsible for some of the best stories of newspaper work, and has incited men to display courage which would do credit to the veteran soldier and exhibit cheek which is equaled nowhere else in the world.

I fancy that reporters often get credit for courage when they rather deserve censure for recklessness. A thing has to be done in a hurry, and they jump in and do it without counting the cost. Gen. Hancock received the notice of his appointment to the command of the eastern section of the army one Saturday night. Reporters were sent down to Governor's Island to interview him. After *they had obtained particulars* they found that owing to the dense fog on the bay the little steamer running to the island had stopped. Bribes and entreaties could not induce the captain to make another trip. Horace Johnson, of The Daily News, and myself made friends with the quartermaster, borrowed a leaky small boat and spent three hours rowing around in the fog, were nearly run down by ferry boats and had other pleasing adventures before finally landing at the Battery. We were not in the least frightened until an old boatman expressed his horror at our daring. We had to get to New York with the news, and we got there. It was time enough to worry after we had written our "copy." We wrote our stories for the Sunday's papers and then began to think over what we had done.

This sense of duty is so strong in a good reporter that I am half inclined to believe the ghost story in one of the magazines which described how a reporter was killed in pursuit of his duty and his spirit went to the office, filled the assignment and then disappeared as a well regulated ghost should do. Newspaper men have a superstition that a reporter is never killed while in pursuit of his duty, a superstition which is sometimes rather sadly dispelled, as in the case of the young Star reporter who perished in the blizzard of last March while trying to get news from Coney Island and that other bright young fellow *on The Sun, who was killed by a falling ladder* while reporting a fire.

But all the stories of "beats" are neither sad nor serious by any means. A number of men were detailed to do a dog fight out on Long Island. They reached the ferry just as the gates were being closed. One, a tall, slim fellow, dropped on his stomach and before his astonished comrades could guess what he was up to slid under the gate, made a leap for the boat and left the rest of the reporters to wait for the next boat and train a matter of two hours. When the Lyceum theatre was being built Mr. Steele Mackaye used every endeavor to keep the details of its construction from the newspaper men. One afternoon a young fellow clad in a rough suit of clothes and carrying a monkey wrench in his hand, wandered through the building unchallenged and the next day a full description appeared in one of the New York papers. When Rev. Heber Newton's sermons were in demand by the papers one of the quietest yet most efficient reporters in the city calmly walked into Mr. Newton's study, in the church, put the written sermon in his pocket and after he had made such extracts as he wished returned it by a messenger boy too late for the other papers to get it. The stories of the newspaper men who have gone up in balloons, down in diving bells, to the Arctic and to the center of Africa are too well known to require repetition. The good reporter stands ready to go anywhere, do anything, take any risks in order to get the news for his paper. If he takes any account of the dangers at all he waits until he has finished his assignment *before* he stops to think of that part of the matter.



SLID UNDER THE GATE.

And this opens up another feature of newspaper work which seems to be but little understood by the average citizen. The reporter is sent after a certain piece of news by the city editor; he does not go wandering around picking up "items" here and there without system or assignment. There seems to be a general impression afloat that the newspaper man is under all circumstances on a search for "items for his paper." While this is to a certain extent true, there are few things which are more annoying yet more frequent than to have some well meaning friend give the details of a dog fight to the literary editor, or pour the full particulars of a church *meeting into the unwilling ears* of the baseball reporter. To be sure, there is hardly a good newspaper man who does not, every week, pick up dozens of paragraphs outside of his regular assignment, but it is rarely the case that any item worth printing is imparted to him by these officious friends. There are very few outside the profession, and I might add not very *many in it, who know what news is.* It is next to impossible to explain the news quality in an item—a man must either know it by instinct or by long experience.

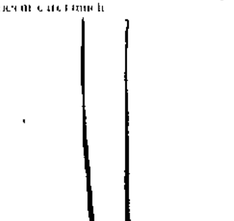
ALLAN FORMAN.

INDIANS OF ARIZONA

Something of Their Religious Ideas—An Estufa or Prayer Well.

[Special Correspondence.]

TUCSON, A. T., June 30.—Among the Moquis and the Pueblos of Arizona I found quite a mass of religious ideas and the Hon. W. H. H. Arny once witnessed by stealth some of their secret ceremonies which were quite obscene in character. *Among these a common institution is the* "Estufa," an underground chapel or sort of prayer cistern. I believe they never allow visitors to enter it. There is a little wall around the opening, and the faithful go down by a ladder, and as they do not talk much about their religion, very little is known of the ceremonies. The snake business, however, *is carried on by some of them as it is in* Africa, and I do not know any better proof of incurable superstition than to worship or credit any wisdom to such a hopelessly stupid creature as a snake. Of the religion of the wild Indians hereabouts nobody [illegible] much.



AN ESTUFA.

Some old histories say the Apaches once had 30,000 warriors. I don't believe it. That would mean 150,000 people, and the whole territory would not support that many in the wild state. I doubt most of the stories about the Indians having died off so fast. Some tribes have died out—no doubt of that—but the country still has nearly all it would support in the wild state. The little valley of the Gila would support more people twice over, even if it was farmed only in the awkward fashion the Maricopas farm it, than all the territory would if wild Indians. But even these half civilized Indians do not increase in numbers. I believe the reports show that the Maricopas decrease. So do the Moquis and Pimas, and all the village Indians. They are not intemperate or licentious, so they cannot lay the blame on the white man. I believe it is because the country has been getting dryer for many years, and because they intermarry so long in such small populations. When 300 or 400 live in one village for 250 or 300 years, 50 or 100 miles from another village of their kind, it must come to pass that every person in the village is of some kin to every other person in it. At any rate, the Pueblos ("village Indians") have the signs of being in a perpetual decay. It would be a Christian act to break up these villages and scatter the Pueblos *far and wide among the whites and Mexicans*, but they say they would rather die—and I reckon they will.

The ruins of this territory have been too often described to need it by me, but in rambling about we often come on them in most unexpected places. There is no doubt that all this valley, and the little valleys opening into it, were once very thickly inhabited—400 years ago, those say who have made a study of it. If you ask an Indian about the ruins, his answer will depend on how many white men have asked the same question and on what he guesses you would like to hear. If you ask a common Mexican he will shrug up his shoulders and say: "Quien sabe? (Who knows?)" As I don't "sabe," and there are plenty of people in the states who think they do, I refer you to them. One odd fact about the Indians is that nearly all the names we call them by are really nicknames—not the real name of the tribe at all. If you ask a Navajo what he is he will say, with a sharp click on the last syllable, "Tin-neh"—that is, "a real man." And nearly all the Indians call themselves simply "men" or "real men," and only use the tribe name when they mean the whole tribe as a unit.

L. C. R.

He Still Has Them

Magistrate (to prisoner)—I see that you lost several teeth in the fight.

Prisoner—No, your honor, I didn't exactly lose 'em; they were knocked down my throat.—New York Sun.

DOING A GOOD WORK.

THE ONLY WASHINGTONIAN HOME IN THE UNITED STATES

It Is Located in Chicago and to the Earnest Endeavors of Its Promoters Many a Reclaimed Man Owes His Present Good Character

[Special Correspondence.]

CHICAGO, July 10.—There is no more interesting place in this city that I know anything about than the Washingtonian home. Chicago's Washingtonian home is, I believe, the only one in the United States.

At our home a new departure was taken late last year. An industrial department in *the shape of a workshop wherein the inmates* may be employed at manual labor has been added, and the result of this experiment will be watched with interest. In fact, this home is full of curious interest from one end to the other, from the reading room where the reformed man sits at his book to the den of horrors occupied by whisky maniacs who gnash their teeth like wild beasts and rend *the air with their outcries.*

Not less interesting than the home itself was its beginning twenty-five years ago. The man who planted the good seed was Rolla Law, an editor. Fitting up a little room in the rear of his office with two beds and a strong lock on the door, he placed in that humble hospital two drunk victims of his acquaintance. He kept them there thirty days, and when he thought they had reformed he asked them to take the pledge and told them they might go. They signed the pledge, and one of the men took some money which Mr. Law gave him, did an errand to a store near by, passing and repassing saloons on the way, and came back with his pledge unbroken. For twelve years before that day the man had not passed a saloon with a dime in his pocket without stopping in for liquor. He never broke his pledge, but lived up to it all the remainder of his life, and became a successful business man. The other patient almost did not withstand the crucial test. He fell at the first temptation. Glad to save even one man, the friends of Mr. Law bestirred themselves and started the Washingtonian home. After a time they got public aid in the shape of a share of the revenues from liquor licenses and now possess a handsome home which cost $100,000 and with room for 100 patients.

The first thing that is done with a patient arriving at the home is to put him in the hospital. I was at the home one day when a patient came in the patrol wagon. Three *policemen had all they could do to get him* up stairs. He fought like a madman, declared that his captors were going to hang him, and his cries and cursings were fearful to hear. At length he was calmed into tractability and confined in the strong room attached to the hospital. This room is in reality a jail. The door is of heavy iron. A few years ago the walls were padded to prevent *the occupants dashing their brains out* against the walls, but the leather upholstering has been removed and the walls are now bare. It was found impossible to put on an upholstering that the delirious man could not tear off. Often an inmate would stand half the night picking at the leather or endeavoring to loosen a nail head. One prisoner managed to reach the head of a nail with his teeth, and in five minutes there was not a scrap of leather on the wall. These strong rooms have no windows; they are as dark as the mammoth cave.

"It would never do to put a delirious man in a lighted cell," says Dr. Smith, the steward, who has had many years of experience in handling such patients. "The light excites his imagination. If there is the smallest crevice in the wall he will see in it the most horrible things. Complete darkness and isolation from sound are the best. The common notion that men suffering from delirium tremens see snakes and vermin is correct. Fully 60 per cent. of them are afflicted with snakes and rats. Some of them see owls. Even in their more quiet moments nearly all of the patients think everybody is in a conspiracy against them. They imagine that somebody is pouring water on them or trying to burn them with hot irons or stab them with knives. It takes nerve to handle some of these men, and I have been called to the hospital in the dead of night to find it in possession of two or three madmen, and the nurses fleeing for their lives. *Occasionally we are compelled to use* the straight jacket. A man in delirium from drink is more difficult to control than a maniac. The attendant of a madman quickly gains an influence over him or learns the methods by which he can be controlled. Not so with the man crazed by liquor. He is full of moods and there is no telling what he will do next. He may start out of a deep sleep and commit deeds of violence before the attendant can summon assistance. Beer cases are worse than whisky, and the opium victim is the worst of all. He is tricky and treacherous even after he has become rational. It is a motto with us to never trust an opium eater. Our opium patients are kept apart from the others. Not one opium victim in a hundred reforms."

"What proportion of the inmates are suffering with delirium tremens on their arrival here?"

"One in fifteen or twenty, though many more are bordering on it. If violent a patient is put in the dark room for a few hours, but if merely prostrated from alcoholism he is put to sleep in the hospital. We dare not deprive them of stimulants at once, and hence it follows that drunkards do get liquor in the Washingtonian home itself. But for this fatal results would follow in a large proportion of the cases. The men have been without food so long that to instantly take all stimulants from them would be dangerous in the extreme. No two cases are alike, but in general the treatment is to administer *nerve sedatives, give light nutritious food*, such as milk and eggs, frequent baths and opportunity for plenty of sleep. After all, sleep is the great restorer, and some of our patients will sleep for two or three days at a stretch and then become themselves again almost immediately and without any other medicine. You see that poor wretch come up the stairs a few moments ago? Two or three days from now you would not know him. A good sleep usually brings back to the patient his craving for food, which he has not tasted for a week or two perhaps, and with returning appetite come color and strength. A majority of our patients could leave the home in three or four days so far as their physical health is concerned."

But the patient is not permitted to go at the end of that time. The home now takes hold of him and endeavors to build up his moral character, in much the same way as his body has been won back to its normal condition. The hope is to send him forth into the world braced to withstand the temptations of drink. A patient must remain in the home thirty days, whether he wants to or not, though he is not under the same restraint as when in the hospital. He may go out upon the street a few hours each day, accompanied by an employe of the home. He is now a boarder, and not a patient. He finds that the home is much like a hotel, except that the cooking is more wholesome and there are some rules to be observed. It is something new for him to go to bed at 11 o'clock each night, rise at [illegible] half an hour [illegible] and religious services [illegible] I sat down to dinner one [illegible] with Superintendent Wilkins [illegible] They were a quiet lot. [illegible] and laborers from the [illegible] side by side with lawyers and [illegible] Yes, priests and ministers [illegible] rarely without an inmate of this [illegible] One clergyman has been in the home [illegible] than six times, and has the delirium [illegible] every time he comes. His [illegible] months part [illegible] not far from Chicago [illegible] How he manages to conceal his lapses from his deacons is more than I can understand. In the dining room I noticed that [illegible] of these men had ravenous appetites and were a cheery, sociable lot, cracking their jokes with each other [illegible] and cultured apparently [illegible] that their common [illegible] had leveled them all to the same rank.

Talk to these men, and ninety-nine out of a hundred will declare to you with emphasis so earnest that you are led to place implicit confidence in them that never again will they touch intoxicants.

They mean it, too.

And no wonder they are in earnest. Not only have they just emerged from the terrors of the tremens and the dark room, but the rewards of temperance and the horrors of drink have been held before them day by day with all the urgency and force of the venerable superintendent and his assistants.

Every one of these drunk victims knows how he feels after a debauch, but Superintendent Wilkins goes him one better and shows him why he feels that way and how his liver and his stomach appear when the poison is in him. Perhaps there never was a more ghastly object lesson than that which is spread before these men each afternoon of their stay in the home. The new patient shudders with horror, and renews the promise that he will never drink again, which the older boarders have made over and over again. The walls of the chapel are covered with a series of paintings showing the internal organs of deceased drunkards, many of them made from photographs taken at the autopsies. This is cheerful for the drink victims, but this is not all. Besides the paintings there are a dozen glass jars containing in pickle the organs themselves. They are simply awful in their deformity. The boarders gather around them in undisguised excitement. There are livers all covered with the hob nails of cirrhosis, kidneys all black and discolored from drink, and stomachs which resemble nothing else so much as a half bushel of soap grease.

"This," says the professor with just a little pride in the completeness of his object lesson, "was taken from a prominent board of trade man who had been a persistent beer drinker."

"And this," he continues, taking his clew in horrible examples to another ghastly object, "is the liver of a government officer who died with the tremens."

The professor's audience look at him and at the glass jars as if they had just such livers themselves and did not know what to do with them, and renew their vows of total abstinence.

Yet the result of all this ghastly object teaching, and of the moral and religious training which accompanies it, is anything but satisfactory to the friends of the home. The home can build up the demoralized body, but it is not so successful in its treatment of the real disease of intemperance, which has its seat in the mind. The floors of the home are paved with good resolutions, but alas for the vows of the drunkard! Of 800 men admitted to the home last year 150 were there for the second time, 15 for the third time, 9 for *the fourth time*, 15 *for the* fifth time, 9 for the sixth time, 7 for the seventh time, 4 for the eighth time, and 1 each for the ninth, tenth and eleventh times, while one grizzled veteran came in for his dozenth visit the day I was there. He had the delirium tremens too, as he had had them many times before. There are rich men in Chicago who make periodical visits *to the home, paying their way*, keeping close to their rooms and eating their meals there, while their families and business associates think they are out of town on a journey.

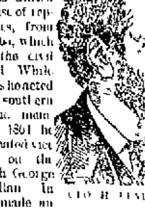
WALTER WELLMAN.

Minister Pendleton

[Special Correspondence.]

CINCINNATI, July 9.—George H. Pendleton, the United States minister to Germany, was born in this city in 1825. His father, N. G. Pendleton, was a member of congress. The son studied both at home and in Germany. Returning to America in 1846 after two years' absence he married Alice Key, daughter of Francis S. Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner," and a niece of Chief Justice R. B. Taney.

Mr. Pendleton became a lawyer. He was a member of the Ohio senate in 1854 and 1855. He was also for eight years a member of the United States house of representatives, from 1856 to 1864, which took in the civil war period. While in congress he acted with the southern Democratic members. In 1864 he was nominated vice president on the ticket with George B. McClellan. In 1869 he made an unsuccessful campaign for governor of Ohio. The same year he was made president of the Kentucky Railroad company.



GEO. H. PENDLETON.

In 1878 Mr. Pendleton was sent to represent the state of Ohio in the United States senate. As chairman of the committee on civil service reform, in 1882 he *introduced* a resolution that instructed the committee "to inquire whether any attempt is being made to levy and collect assessments for political partisan purposes from any employes of the government." At the expiration of his term in the United States senate in 1885 he was appointed by President Cleveland United States minister to Germany.

[illegible]

He Enjoyed the Sermon

Dr. Payson, of Portland, Me., used to tell this good story: "One very [illegible] Sunday he went to his church as usual [illegible] appeared except an old negro [illegible] and asked if Dr. Payson was to preach. The doctor said 'Yes,' and went into the pulpit and preached to the choir and the old negro. Some months afterward he [illegible] asked him if he enjoyed the sermon. '[illegible] joy dat sermon?' replied the [illegible] 'dar doctor, I neber [illegible] one. Yo' see I had a seat [illegible] whenebber you'd say [illegible] hard like gin de [illegible] room ter see who [illegible] would [illegible] sermon [illegible] war [illegible] home.' [illegible] Sun.

Wind was [illegible] by washing in [illegible] water.

Generous

The people of Cuba never saw a genuine, living and moving millionaire till Uncle Russell Sage went down there the other day to buy the Grand Southern railroad. With true down east hospitality a son of the hotel landlord hitched up a span of horses and gave Millionaire Sage a delightful ride about town. Uncle Russ was profuse in his expressions of pleasure, and after the drive was over put his hand right down in his pocket and gave the young man a nice, round silver ten cent piece. The young man was much surprised. He did not expect anything. He has had a hole punched in that ten cent piece and will wear it on his watch chain.—Lewiston Journal.

An Eye for Business.

American Tourist—Impressive? Ain't it, though? What do you s'pose I could hire the front and sides for to show our tonic?—Life.

Business Sagacity in St. Louis

An old and very wealthy man of St. Louis whose constant companion was a white and black dog, *had been in the habit of coming* to the sub-treasury at certain periods for the purpose of getting the coupons of his bonds cashed. One day he presented himself for that purpose and the cashier refused to give him the money. The old man demanded to know why.

"I don't know you," said the cashier.

"But I have been here before and was never denied," the man answered.

The cashier looked at him a moment and then said: "Where is your black and white dog that always comes with you, if you are the same man?"

The old man's eyes filled with tears as he told the cashier that the dog was dead.

"Well," replied the cashier, "I am sorry to hear that, but you'll have to bring somebody here to identify you now. I don't know you without the dog."—Chicago Mail.

A Personal Illustration

Hon. Amos J. Cummings tells a funny story about a printer named Austin. While Cummings was setting type in The New York Tribune office a good many years ago, Austin did "sub" work a spell. One day Austin said to Cummings: "This office is more honest than The Times office."

"Why?"

"Because when I went out today I left an apple on my case, and when I came back, there it was safe and sound, nobody had eaten it."

"Well?"

"Now, just to show you how different The Times printers are, while I was working there last week, one of the boys went off, leaving an orange on his case. I took it and ate it."—Chicago News.

A Sure Recipe

Professor Pasteur—Oui, I must admit it. My plan for killing Australian rabbits by inoculating them with cholera of chicken has failed.

American—I'll tell you what to do. Just convince the rabbits that they will have hydrophobia unless they can get to you for treatment and they will die fast enough.—Omaha World.

The Very Horse He Wanted.

Stranger—Are you the superintendent of the street car line?

"Yes, sir."

"I would like to sell you a horse."

"Is it a good, lively one?"

"It was used for a hearse horse for a year."

"Send it up at once and state your price."—Lincoln Journal.

He Was No Horse

She—John, don't you think the horse needs a new harness? Smith has an elegant one for $60.

He—Sixty dollars for a new harness! Why, I don't spend to exceed $30 for a whole new suit.

She—Yes, I know, John, but you're no horse.—Life.

A Lightsome Heart

"Children," said a New Jersey school teacher, "always be cheerful. Whatever falls to your lot to do, do it cheerfully."

"Yes, indeed, dear teacher," responded a bright little Rahway scholar, "even the skeeters sing when they are at work."—New York Sun.

Not Built That Way.

An Oil City boy of 12 gets up in his sleep and plays the piano. We never hear of a 12-year-old boy getting up in his sleep and cutting wood or doing some other useful work. As the old Greek philosopher says, "He isn't constructed on that model."—Exchange.

Not for Musicians

The law allowing three days' grace on a note does not apply to musicians; they must take up the notes at sight as they come due, or the whole will go protest.—Dansville Breeze.

Will Exercise More Care

A New York man recently dropped dead through laughing so heartily over a joke he was reading. We will be more careful hereafter.—Philip H. Welch in The Epoch.

One Chance for It.

Von Baboony—I wonder if I can do anything for this mustache?

Barber—Why, certainly, sir. You might shave it off.—Life.

True to His Principles.

Mrs. Jenks (at dinner)—Would you like some of this oyster plant, Mr. Prim?

Prim—No, thank you. I'm a strict vegetarian.—Life.

A Regular Boy

He was not at all particular
To keep the perpendicular
While walking, he either slipped or jumped,
He stood upon his head awhile,
And when he went to bed awhile
He dove among the pillows, which he thumped.

He never could keep still a bit,
The lookers on thought ill of it;
He balanced on his ear the kitchen broom,
And did some nice trapezing,
Which was wonderfully pleasing,
On every peg in grandpa's harness room.

From absolute inanity
The cat approached insanity
To see him slide the banister so rash,
But once on that mahogany,
While trying to toboggan, he
Upset his calculations with a crash.

And since that sad disaster
He has gone about in plaster,
Not Paris, like a nice Italian toy,
But the kind the doctor uses
When the bumps and cuts and bruises
Overcome a [illegible] regular live boy.
—Brooklyn Standard Union.

FOR RENT —100 acres of land will give [illegible] premises [illegible] with [illegible]
H. A. VanSickle, Marion, O.

LOCAL NEWS.

—S. L. DeWolfe was at Columbus Wednesday on a business trip.

—J. W. [illegible] was at Columbus Wednesday on a business trip.

—J. G. [illegible]son was at his former home in [illegible], O., Wednesday.

—D. W. Locke of Bucyrus was transacting business in town Wednesday.

—Geo. D. Copeland was attending to business matters in Caledonia Wednesday.

—Hon. B. G. Young was in Columbus Tuesday and Wednesday on legal business.

—J. M. Cherry has gone to Delaware to visit a couple days at his parents' home.

—Miss Emma Wel[illegible] of Delaware is the guest of Miss Mary Miller on south West street.

—S. E. Stewart is in [illegible] start[illegible] Huber threshing outfits in Canada to [illegible].

Jim Knapp's infant daughter has been seriously ill for a couple days with cholera infantum.

—Mrs. D. F. Grissinger left Wednesday for her mother's home in Concord, Mich., to visit a few days.

—Frank Hill was in the city Wednesday to meet Mrs. Hill who arrived from her Western trip accompanied by Mrs. E. J. Hord of Central City, Neb.

—Geo. A. Peters of Columbus spent Tuesday night with [illegible] Cole while on his way to Indian River, Mich.

—Miss Leila Copeland of Indianapolis, Ind., is the guest of her aunt Mrs. H. Copeland and family on west Center street.

—A six months old child of Mr. and Mrs. M. Burgess died of enlargement of the heart Monday evening. The funeral occurred Tuesday afternoon.

—Madison Roberts residing near Big Island has been seriously ill for the past week as the result of overheating. Dr. Thomas reports him as convalescing.

—Bob Moore, the best known traveling insurance man in Ohio was in the city Wednesday looking after the interests of the Phoenix, of Brooklyn, represented by H. M. Ault.

—The volume of newspaper matter that is handled by the postal clerks these days clearly demonstrates this is a campaign year and an immense volume of literature is being sent throughout the land.

—H. E. Vail [illegible] says he intends organizing a club of veterans who didn't vote for Harrison in 1840 with the sole object of offsetting Dr. Fisher's efforts in the way of Tippecanoe and Tyler club.

—The waterworks situation is growing interesting, though all the talk is beneath the surface. Several parties are watching the course of events and next Monday's session of the Council promises to be of interest.

—Col. Jno. F. Davids occasionally says a quiet word in behalf of his Center Street Railway enterprise, but he will only talk horse car. This seems to be too fast an age for Marion to think of so antiquated a form of street railway as that.

—At the special meeting of the School board on Tuesday night it was decided to receive sealed bids for the furniture for the East building up to noon on Friday, Aug. 17th, 1888. This will be quite a desirable contract and considerable competition can be looked for.

—The School Board Building Committee, Messrs. Gurberson, McMurray and [illegible], were examining the North, South and Central school buildings Wednesday, for the purpose of ascertaining what repairs are needed this summer. All of the buildings need some attention.

—The Special Building Committee that has charge of the new East school building is greatly annoyed at the delay of the sub-contractors who have the brick work. It is understood that the contractors are now going to get Marion bricklayers to take hold of the work. [illegible] to be less delay.

—A simple fellow giving his name as Geo. Montgomery was taken in by the police Tuesday afternoon, kept over night in the city prison and released next morning. Reports gained currency that a wild man had been captured, but the fellow was really a very harmless creature and deserved his release.

Geo. Keifer, an employe of the Huber shops in the thresher department had the first joint of his little finger taken off Monday night. He was assisting in shifting a separator in the paint shop and the finger was caught between the outer rim of the hub and the linch pin and crushed off. Dr. Rhu removed the wounded portion Wednesday.

—A gentleman from Galion was in the city Tuesday to purchase a Huber locomotive for the purpose of hauling gravel, but first wanted a test made of the pulling power of the engine. So a twelve horse locomotive was hitched to three wagons containing twenty tons of pig iron and the engine pulled the heavy load about the streets as easily as a span of horses handles a light road cart. It is hardly necessary to add that the test was very satisfactory. Verily the Huber is a dandy.

—Ordinarily one cannot put a great deal of reliance on political predictions of enthusiasts. For instance, Hon. B. G. Young says the Republicans will only carry six States in the Union this fall. Now that is pretty much discouraging to a fellow inclined the other way, but here comes our friend [illegible]. He is a man who reads much and says little and here is what he says: "The Republicans will carry everything but Louisiana and Texas." The reader can take his choice.

M. B. CHASE, Attorney. **J. A. HUNTER,** Notary Public.

CHASE & HUNTER,
REAL ESTATE
INSURANCE and LOANS.

—Miss [illegible] of Hornellsville, N. Y., is the guest of Miss Ella Drennody.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Fisher left Tuesday for a trip to Mackinac and the Lakes.

—D. S. Jones is on a trip in Northern Ohio in the interest of the Huber Co.

—A car load of eighteen fine horses was shipped from this point Tuesday by Fisher.

—Delaware Gazette: Mr. and Mrs. Will Osborn of Marion Sundayed in the city.

—G. W. Whipps left Tuesday for Circleville, O., on a business trip for the Huber folk.

—John Hochstetter began dressing stone for the pavement of the court house yard Tuesday.

—Lowell Elliott was at Findlay Tuesday in the interests of the Marion Steam Shovel Company.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hoheisel returned home Monday after visiting a week at Orrville, O.

—Chas. Hunter of Agosta visited at the home of his son, Jesse Hunter, Monday and Tuesday.

—Mrs. John Jones has gone to Delaware to visit a couple days with her son in the employ of the Delaware Herald.

—Alexander Snyder left Marion Monday for the great State of California in which he will locate his future home.

—John Kerloff left Tuesday for Chillicothe to visit at his parents' home. Mrs. Kerloff has been there for the past week.

—J. H. Beebe, a prominent young attorney of Mt. Gilead, accompanied by J. C. Lydy, was in the city on legal business.

—From Marion east there are now run two trains nearly every morning on account of the heavy passenger business.

—Mrs. Will Gurberson of Cleveland is visiting in the city, the guest of her sister Mrs. S. L. DeWolfe, on east Center street.

—E. Hall accompanied his wife to Magnetic Springs Tuesday where she will remain for a time in the hope of bettering her health.

—The C. and A. boys smiled Tuesday over the receipt of their pay checks. The amount paid to the employes at this place reached about $4000.

—It has just been discovered how language came into the world. It was during Adam and Eve's first quarrel when one word brought on another.

—The bee line pony was ordered to Muncie, Ind., some days ago and now the local is again compelled to wait in Marion nearly the entire day.

—The Marion Creamery is now making one ton of butter a week, which means 400 pounds for each churning day. The churns are never put in motion on Mondays.

—At Delaware, Charley Kishler, well known here, has applied for a divorce from his wife, Lucy Kishler, charging her with gross neglect of duty and adultery. He prays for the custody of his children.

—H. M. Barnhart of the Marion Steam Shovel Co., contemplates an outing in a day or two to recuperate. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Barnhart and they will visit Michigan and the Lakes for a short time.

—Miss Adeline Peters, of Pickaway Co., who has been visiting at Upper Sandusky and in this city, left for her home Tuesday morning, accompanied by the little Misses Theo Hammer of this city and [illegible] of Upper Sandusky.

—I. H. B. Beale and his cousin, Rev. Dr. David Beale and son, left for Van Wert Tuesday to visit with relatives. This is probably the first visit our Mr. Beale has made in four years, so close has been his attention to railroad business.

Quite a number of Marion Masons were at Prospect Tuesday attending the funeral of their brother Mason, S. A. Hord, who died at his home, two miles east of Prospect, Monday morning. Mr. Hord was probably between thirty five and forty years of age, and a well known person of Marion county.

—An ear splitting, hair raising, soul harrowing sort of a patented double horn for campaign uses is being carried about by a canvassing drummer. It is the invention of a Xenia man, and has already had a big sale. The noise produced is like a mule's music, only much more emphatic and ear splitting.

—We understand that Mr. George Foster will shortly add another industry to those already thriving here, the new one to be none other than a pipe organ factory. The enterprise is certainly in competent hands and it can be made to win. Not many particulars of the matter are current as yet, however.

—Will Blair, a compositor in this office, attempted to run his right arm through our newspaper press Tuesday evening, but the effort was a failure and Will not only delayed the paper but is laying off with a wounded hand. He thoughtlessly attempted to dry the form with his hand while the press was in motion and the form rollers caught the hand. Being of flexible composition, he escaped luckily without the loss of a hand, but the rollers were ruined and the hand so thoroughly squeezed that he will be unable to work for a few days at best.

—Bucyrus Critic: Gen. J. B. Finley is trying a case in Wheeling, West Virginia, today which contains some nice legal questions and which will cause some interest. Bethany College is suing the Northwestern Life Insurance company and the heirs of Robert Kerr for the payment of a $5,000 life insurance policy. Once the begging ghouls of Bethany College succeeded in getting a $10,000 subscription from Mr. Kerr. He soon regretted the gift and finally gave the college a paid up insurance policy for $5,000 which released him from all other obligations. Upon his death the insurance company refused to pay the policy on the grounds that the college authorities had no insurable interest in Mr. Kerr's life, as he had discharged all obligations to them. On the other hand they also claim that the college authorities had an insurable interest in his death, as with that event the college would come into possession of $5,000. Gen. Finley has associated with him Alfred Caldwell, Attorney General of West Virginia, and his defense against the college will be a very strong one.

[illegible] made a business trip to the Capital City Thursday.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Ault of Caledonia were in the city Thursday.

—Ira Foust of Delaware was the guest of Jesse Hunter Thursday.

—Jas. M. Thompson left today for Pittsburg, where he will visit for a short time.

—Mrs. Jennie Hopkins, accompanied by little Miss Dunbar, has visited their [illegible] in Chicago.

—Delaware Gazette: Mr. J. W. Schwartz of Marion was in the city Wednesday on business.

—Henry M[illegible], a prominent young business man of Cardington, was in the city Wednesday.

—Mrs. Ella Stoeltz has gone on an extended visit to the home of her brother Mr. [illegible] in Warren, Pa.

—Pete Hodge, Fred Fultz and Al. Lord, proprietor of the Lord House of Cardington, were in the city Thursday.

—Miss Flora Sharp, who has been visiting in this city the past week, returned to her home in Cardington Thursday.

—Mrs. Allie and Corlie Dowell left Thursday for Cincinnati where they will spend a week at the exposition.

—Painters began work on the U. B. church Thursday, and its appearance will be much enhanced when their work is complete.

—John Diebold left Thursday morning for Magnetic Springs where he will remain for an indefinite time to recuperate his health. Mrs. Diebold will probably join him next week.

—Volume 6 of the Roster of Ohio Soldiers in the war of the Rebellion has been forwarded to Auditor Clark. The Auditor has one for each township clerk in the county.

—The Marion County Commissioners were in joint session with the Union and Hardin county boards Thursday upon the line of the Dudley run ditch in which all are interested.

—Probate Judge Criswell is hurrying along work with the expectation of taking a month's vacation shortly, which will be spent at the Lakes. Judge Matthews will preside during his absence.

—The Probate court has issued instruction to Sheriff Kelly to place Mary Culver, an insane inmate of the Infirmary, in the Ohio Insane Asylum at Columbus. Sheriff Kelly made the trip Friday.

—The Cannon Ball railroad mortgage was recorded by Miss Brocklesby on Wednesday in less than ten hours. That is pretty rapid work inasmuch as the Recorder's estimate makes it composed of 1100 words.

—The youths of the Harrison and Morton club adopted a campaign uniform Thursday night and put in half an hour drilling under Major Rothensperger's command. It is expected that the drill corps will contain over an hundred members.

—A scheme is on foot to organize a stock company that shall build a large hotel building at the junction. The move is in the direction of an improvement of a commendable order and is in good hands. When the preliminary work is further along we will be able to particularize.

—George Brown has some funny experiences in taking the enumeration and some cases would indicate a dire prevalence of suggestive suspicion. In several families he has found it very difficult to secure the names of all connected therewith for steps toward arrest were actually found, and Lot's dream was often thought of.

—The $15,000 in Marion county ditch bonds sold last Saturday were bought by Jno. F. Uhler, at a premium of $125 besides the accrued interest. The sale was legally advertised but the buyer's notice was called to the sale by a news mention of the matter in this paper. Of course the Auditor will place all legal ads with us hereafter.

—Findlay is trying to connect romance with grease, oil and slippery gas by claiming that a beautiful lady has located many of the big wells by the divining rod. This woman is said to be as fair as a goddess and lives somewhere in Pennsylvania. She is of Swedish descent and unfortunately for many wealthy speculators, is married.

—We have the authority of Mr. Davis for saying that if he does not secure a majority of the delegates of Marion county he will not be a candidate in the Convention. This has been his openly announced position from the first, even before McNeal's announcement as a candidate, and he adheres to it still notwithstanding all reports to the contrary.

—Some active work was done toward the dedication of the Memorial on Wednesday in the way of invitations to societies and organizations. The time has arrived when arrangements must be pushed along energetically to make the affair the success that it ought to be. We understand that Generals Rice and Gibson have consented to be present.

Citizens of the West End who chanced to be gazing upon the streets shortly before midnight Tuesday night were amazed at the sight of a man, a young man, flying through the streets dressed as one who had just emerged from a swim and was frightened away hurriedly by an approaching animal. But this fellow hadn't been swimming, nor was he crazy. He had simply taken sleeping quarters in a home where he was uninvited except by a disreputable hired girl, and being discovered was fired so hurriedly as to create the scene. This experience will prove a lesson and should be a warning to others.

—Last year when the country was suffering from the great drought the "wise men," who always know the cause for everything, told us that the farmer, by ditching their lands had caused the rains to cease. And now how will the wise men account for rains and floods of this year? Certainly they know the cause. Will they advise the farmers to dig more ditches or to fill up those they have? The demand for the [illegible] is so great this year that it seems to have absorbed the weather bureau and its business. This is an age of great wisdom but the causes that produce droughts and floods are not understood by weather cranks.

—Try the chocolate milk shake, the finest of all, at Maler's.

—A fine lot of all the marketable fruits for Saturday, at Maler's.

—H. M. Ault was in Prospect on insurance business Thursday.

—Miss Minnie Gast of Prospect was the guest of friends in this city Thursday.

—The Misses Riddle of Delaware were guests of friends in this city on Thursday.

—Miss Culbertson of Mechanicsburg is the guest of the Misses Culbertson in this city.

—Delaware Gazette: Miss Lizzie Ackerman of Marion is the guest of Mrs. Lewis Frush, north Union street.

—Miss Jennie Wallace entertained a party of about thirty friends on Thursday evening affording them a rarely pleasant evening.

—Will Hunt has been appointed to the Wells Fargo messenger run resigned by Mr. Thomas, and will hereafter run between Marion and Chicago.

—Bucyrus Forum: Sam Beal, machinist, resigned his position in the C. and O. C. shops yesterday and has accepted a job in Marion. He went there today.

—There are probably not a half dozen people in Marion who are aware that this station is the second in importance and amount of business transacted of all the stations in the Erie railway system. New York City stands at the head and Marion comes second. Mr. Beale's balance sheet here is far heavier than at any other place on the line and the balance sheet is a sure indication. Come to think of it, New York, Marion and Chicago are the three great cities of this continent.

Northern Ohio Fruit

Fruit prospects are well enough advanced in this section, and in fact throughout Northern Ohio, to warrant the prediction that the trees will bear better than at any time since 1885 when the apple crop especially was so enormous that fall apples were a drug upon the market. The peach orchards, which thrive to great advantage along the lake shore, are fairly loaded down with young fruit. Plums are looking well and apples will not be the scarce article they were last year.

Present indications, says the Cleveland Leader of Sunday, point to a good yield of grapes, the vineyards in the Island region having come out well in spite of the backward spring. Northern Ohio has always been noted for good fruit and considerable of it in a favorable year, but there is no comparison between the quantity exported from this section ten years ago and now. The fruit business then was merely an adjunct to farming. Today it is a recognized industry of its own, and the orchards, vineyards and berry farms of this section in addition to supplying the home trade fill a large gap in the Eastern market, where Ohio fruit, and especially that of the lake shore region, commands the highest price.

Real Estate Transfers

J. F. Cyphers to J. J. Ellinger 8½ acres in Tully tp., $200.

N. Davis to George Swank 80 acres in Grand tp., $2800.

H. V. Davis to John H. Davis, 40 acres in Grand tp., $1500.

Nathaniel Osborn to John Webb ½ lot in Montgomery tp., $200.

David K. Drake to Wm. C. Short out lot 26 in La Rue, $900.

Wm. C. Short to Isabella Short, same lot, $1800.

M. J. Gibbs and Sarah A. Gibbs to R. C. Bennett, 133 acres in Big Island tp., $12,000.

J. F. Davids to A. J. Mulcahy, lot [illegible] in Davids' addition, $400.

Eunice and Henry Love to Henry Moran, lots 1935 and 1936 in Marion, $400.

G. E. and P. E. Harding to E. and A. Jennings, lot 10[illegible] in Marion, $640.

Henry True to J. A. Mann, lot 1118 in Marion, $200.

A. La Fourrette to J. J. Waples, lots 1853, 1854 and 1855 in Marion, $700.

Marion Gun Club

Thursday's practice shoot of the Marion Gun Club was an interesting and enjoyable one, and attended with good score.

Frush, Payne and Ites each broke thirteen out of fifteen and shot off for the silver badge, and our pious friend Ites won after a clever struggle with the aged dispenser of justice.

A couple sweepstake shoots followed the regular match and several participated in them, but the score was not given. Below is the regular score.

Stone	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1—12
Frush	1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—13
King	1 1 1 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 1 0— 8
Payne	1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1—13
Hartman	1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—12
Thew	1 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1— 9
Ites	0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—13
Rubenbaugh	1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0—11
Spaulding	1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1—12
Berry	1 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0— 7

Here is a Chance

The following little advertisement was picked up on the streets, having evidently been lost by the author:

"An elderly lady, of excellent character, moderately good looking, well educated, five feet in height, dark eyes, dark hair lightly sprinkled with gray, wishes to correspond with a gentleman of near sixty years with a view to marriage. Must be in comfortable circumstances, have no bad habits, and of unimpeachable character."

No address was added to the note, but if some of our bachelor friends like Charley Fedeman, Arthur Clark, Ed. Alston or Wallace Wilson desire to stand in front of such a cupid's arrow we will endeavor to find this elderly lady. One trouble, none of them are near enough to the age of sixty, though a little time will place them there, and our manufacturing friend, Joe Lindsay, can give better credentials on good habits.

Honeymoon

"Say, Perkins, old boy, why don't we see you at the club any more? Has your mother-in-law shut down on you?" "No, Brown, the fact of the matter is, my home is so happy now that there is no inducement for me to leave it. You look incredulous, but it's a positive fact. You see, my wife used to suffer so much from functional derangements common to her sex that her spirit and her temper were greatly affected. It was not her fault, of course, but it made home unpleasant all the same. But now, since she has begun to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription she has been so well and so happy that we are having our honeymoon all over again."

ITEMS OF NEWS

By N. A. H. [illegible] and [illegible]
by Edward F. Carr
[illegible]

We are happy to hear again from the Curl About Town, but we grieve that her articles should be credited to the pen of E. E. F. By the way, talking about E. E. F., [illegible] thought he is [illegible] in his rights [illegible] him to whom the article of E. E. F. have been attributed.

Yesterday morning during the time of the fire, citizens of south Main street were somewhat startled to see a white robed figure perched high on a housetop yawning, the figure apparently oblivious of the fact that dozens of pairs of eyes were riveted upon his scanty attire.

Miss Minnie Fairfield entertained quite a party of her young friends at her parents' residence on Delaware Avenue. Outdoor sports were engaged in and a delightful time had by all present.

We come to the front with one of the most monumental pieces of assurance on record. One of our prominent minded citizens recently armed himself with a step ladder and saw and going into a neighbor's yard proceeded to saw off the limbs of a beautiful shade tree to a height of from fifteen to twenty feet from the ground, leaving but a few limbs at the top of the tree. It appears that the tree obstructed the view of one of his windows, hence he felt at liberty to treat it as he did.

Today or tomorrow, the Commissioners will be enjoined from prosecuting work on the Goose Creek Ditch by parties claiming that they will derive no benefit from the proposed change while at the same time it will be a matter of expense to them if not also a matter of great injury. They claim and their claims have a semblance of reason, that the ditch has no outlet sufficient to carry off the water. That at the time of high water the water will back up from the Scioto and running into the old channel make its way into the new, thus forming a circle of water where previously but one channel existed. That in 1883 or 1884 a competent viewer was hired by the county and he reported the Scioto an insufficient outlet for the ditch. The Scioto, they claim, cannot be well utilized as an outlet so long as the dams remain in the river at Green Camp and Prospect, which dams back the water for a distance of three or four miles each, ten to twelve feet. The Scioto is a Government stream but the proprietors of the dams mentioned have an easement thereon, and it is not likely that they would consent to their removal without receiving a big price for the same. The thought strikes us, what would Prospect do without her river?

Permit us to jot down a few personals. H. N. Love is visiting friends in Chicago where he has been since Monday last. Harry B. Young is making preparations for a trip in the West. C. E. McCullough, our good friend of the punch, leaves soon to spend a week in fishing in Northern Michigan. He will be the guest of a Huntington club who annually camp out in Michigan. After an absence of several years Corey Fowdish is visiting friends and relatives in this his old home. Last evening Miss Jessie Hushberger and Mr. Rollie Shultz drove down to Salmon's and spent the evening the guests of Misses Alice Hipple and Belle Cherry.

[illegible] E. Farr
N. A. H. [illegible]

Probate Court

Mattie M. Culver has been adjudged insane and application made to admit her to the insane asylum at Columbus.

John Washburn, administrator of the estate of Sanford Washburn, filed appraisement of real estate. Sale ordered.

Wm. L. Nichols and Lizzie Johnston, both colored, licensed to marry.

Hearing on petition of Michael Zachman executor of estate of Solomon Zachman for sale of real estate. Appraisement ordered.

Hearing of petition of Thos. Dickson administrator of the estate of Fred [illegible] for sale of real estate. Appraisement ordered.

J. A. Sutton, guardian of Clarice A. Sutton, filed second account.

Alvin Shrock, guardian of Martha E. Shrock, filed first account.

John B. Culp appointed administrator with the will annexed of the estate of John Shine, Sr.

Wm. Kramer, administrator of the estate of Fred Coffey, deceased, filed inventory and appraisement of personal property.

J. N. Anderson, administrator of the estate of A. J. Hunter, filed report of sale of real estate. Sale confirmed.

Could [illegible] Live [illegible]

[Delaware Herald.]

Last Saturday evening Frank Lorenz, Ollie Leonard, Tom Robinson and E. E. Shearer started for Florida. It seems that the boys started north instead of south, and on arriving at Marion took a rest. The Lorenz boy was the only one who had any money and funds that he carried off with him, and that caused the closing up of his father's place of business, being about $100 in all. He was to foot all the expenses of the four, and at Marion he bought a loaf of bread and gave it to Shearer and [illegible] that let him till they reached Florida. This did not seem to please Shearer, and he started home, leaving the other three to continue their way in the direction of the [illegible] of the Lorenz boy's [illegible] only $100 while his father [illegible].

A [illegible] Swindler

[Delaware Herald.]

One of the latest swindlers is designed to catch the ladies. The scamp advertises for ladies to address envelopes at their homes, the ads. representing to furnish stationery and postage and to pay one cent for each envelope addressed. A rapid penman would get rich if she could get paid at that rate for her work. But the advertiser requires every applicant for work to deposit one dollar with him just as a guarantee of good intentions. On receipt of one dollar he rings the curtain down and the individual might as well go home, for that is all they will ever see of that show.

—The Erie had a serious freight wreck at Lima on the third division Wednesday, but the particulars are not known. Traffic was delayed three hours thereby.

PENCIL POINTS

Equestrianism Favoring, a Summer Exercise. Commented Upon by the Curl About Town.

There is perhaps no more healthful and certainly no prettier exercise than horseback riding, and we are glad to note that for the past year it is steadily growing in favor among our American ladies. In the south country it has always been a popular exercise and it is no uncommon occurrence for a party of ten or a dozen gentlemen and ladies to go for a fifteen mile gallop over the hills. Southern ladies ride well. They are as a rule of the slender willowy type of beauty and sit gracefully in the saddle. However we have a number of fine horsewomen in our little city of Marion, and in point of fine horses we surrender the palm to no one.

⁂

We beg leave to say right here a word to the army of bicyclists who like specters from another world roll noiselessly through our streets. We have nothing to say about the wheelmen who have sense enough to refrain from running into one, but to the horde of great ignorant fools who regardless of consequence ride recklessly into saint and sinner we, as members of the first mentioned fraternity, seriously object. We have in our mind several severe and disastrous accidents resulting from the carelessness or abominable heedlessness of the cyclist. What might have been a serious accident occurred on one of our streets the other night. A lady was riding a spirited horse when one of these smart Alexanders rode directly into the horse's face causing him to rear and plunge about and it was only with difficulty she escaped a serious fall. If there is no law against this then a severe horse whipping should be given to those individuals who lack the first principles of common courtesy.

⁂

The usual annual emigration to the various watering places has begun and one by one the self appointed martyrs go to their fate. We frankly admit we sometimes join this great army of pleasure seekers, and we say just as frankly that it is with a long drawn sigh we turn for a last look at the comfort and rest we leave behind. Goodby to long delicious naps taken under the most favorable circumstances in cool, darkened rooms with no flies or mosquitoes to make life a burden. A long farewell to the comfortable mother hubbard for even if we dared to smuggle one of these delightful abominations into our baggage it may only be worn in the deep recesses of 7x9 apartment at hotel or cottage. Oh it's all vanity and vexation of spirit! You spend your time dressing and getting up elaborate costumes in which to walk along heated burning sands, pretending all the while "you never had so nice a time in your life." If one indulges in boating one comes in with hot blistered face and hands, a result of frantic endeavors to show the admiring crowds on shore how nicely you can upset a boat.

Then when dinner time comes with what mingled feelings do we join the company who as early as 11:30 begin to file into the long hall leading to the closed dining room, there to swelter and swear—at least some of us talk softly to be sure—till the doors are flung open. To be in about the middle of this hungry hot procession is to occupy the best position, you have an even pressure all round. At last the doors swing open and the great human tidal wave begins to surge inward. The scowls and growls give place to smiles and we begin to think it wasn't so bad after all. Alas, lo! the grim relentless receiver of tickets, after a sweeping glance over the dining room, suddenly discovers there can be no more admitted until those already in are fed. The door closes again and in vain are all protestations that your train or steamer leaves in 20 minutes—it is a waste of wind—and one meets all they can get ere they are finally admitted. Oh I tell you the average summer resort man is a fraud, an unmitigated fraud. If one must take a vacation, look up some quiet, secluded nook that is unknown to any, give yourself there by night, pack your grip and hie yourself away. There it may be possible to get the needed rest and change from rush of business or worry of household cares, but from the average fashionable summer resort—excuse me, please.

C. A. T.

Suffering Stock

[Mansfield Daily Shield.]

Capt. Thornton, agent of the Humane Society, was called to Shelby this morning to investigate the matter of a car load of hogs that had been taken from a stock train on the C. C. C. and I. railroad. A number of the animals were dead and a still larger number in a precarious condition and devouring those that were dead. The hogs had gone several days without food or drink. The law requires that all stock shall, when being transported, be fed and watered every twenty eight hours. If there is no person in charge of the stock the railroad company shall do this and hold the stock as a lien for the amount. The fine in such cases is not less than $100 or more than $500.

A Small Fire

An alarm of fire was sounded almost simultaneously with the striking of the hour of three by the town clock Thursday morning. A good number were soon on the streets [illegible] the location, but most of them returned when it was learned to be only the shed over the back kitchen at the [illegible] back yard.

The fire had caught in some way from the burning rubbish and for a short time made a small but lively blaze, but it soon went down without the application of water, and no damage had been done to exceed $100.

It was feared the rain that followed would [illegible] for the burning of the kitchen had just been completed, but no harm resulted from that source.

A New C[illegible] for Jail

Special policeman D. F. Gothard came up from Prospect on Thursday, in charge of one James Stewart, colored, whom he placed in the county jail. The charge against Stewart is that of breaking into the house of P. P. Lammon of Prospect this morning, and stealing therefrom two watches, together valued at $40. He was bound over to court under $200 bond and failing to give bail was remanded to jail to await the [illegible].

To the people who expect to furnish new houses this fall or who expect to buy carpets, rugs or curtains, we would call your attention to the prices we are making on Body Brussels, Tapestry Brussels, Velvets and the best makes of Ingrain carpet. Styles and Patterns we have that are superior to anything shown in Marion. Measurements taken, carpets made, with or without borders, and laid as well as it can be done by any house in the country. We can sell you carpets that will please you, give satisfaction, and above all we can save you money.

Warner & Edwards.

$100 TO $300 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish their own horses and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va.

THE OLD
RELIABLE
WILL SELL YOU
CHINA-CROCKERY
—AND—
GLASSWARE
Cheaper than any house in Central Ohio.

Ladies, we will show you the goods with pleasure. Call and be convinced that our prices are correct.

R. FAHEY.
[wed tf sw]

READ
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Eye, Ear and Throat Specialist.

EYES Scientifically fitted with SPECTACLES.
Electric, Medicated, Vapor and Hot Air BATHS.

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[thu sat wtf]

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Physician and Surgeon.
Office—First door east of M. E. Church.

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 SHOE. FOR GENTLEMEN.

The only fine calf $3 Seamless Shoe in the world made without tacks or nails. As stylish and durable as those costing $5 or $6, and having no tacks or nails to wear the stocking or hurt the feet, makes them as comfortable and well fitting as a hand sewed shoe. Buy the best. None genuine unless stamped on bottom "W. L. Douglas $3 Shoe, warranted."

W. L. DOUGLAS $4 SHOE, the original and only hand sewed welt $4 shoe, which equals custom made shoes costing from $6 to $9.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2.50 SHOE is unexcelled for heavy wear.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2 SHOE is worn by all BOYS and is the best school shoe in the world.

All the above goods are made in Congress, Button and Lace, and if not sold by your dealer, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Torpany & Rhoads, Ag'ts. Marion, O.

THE EARLY REAPED.

Flowers reaped early while the dew
O! is on them, day being new,
Know neither dust nor stain,
Or woe's refrain,
Or thirst:
Light kisses them the first,
And they are fair
Because untouched by earth's stain anywhere.

Lives reaped while life is new are pure,
Unsullied, bright, mature
In fairness, and replete
In all that makes remembrance sweet;
Redeemed
Before sin's sear its way hath seamed,
Or anguish scored its deep drawn mark
Or death its terror amidst the dark,
And they are fair
Because untouched by earth's stain anywhere.
—George Klingle in Frank Leslie's.

EDWY OF TYNEDALE.

Never mind the when and where of this tale. It is a romance, and a romance is the disembodied spirit of a story, only sufficiently materialized to render it perceptible to mortal senses. Suffice it to know that it belongs to a country where castles were a part of the vitality of the land, not picturesque cenotaphs of a dead past; and to those olden days when men not having yet learned to delegate the keeping of their consciences to a national code of laws, came nearer to the principles that underlie those laws.

It was a time and country of arms. Valor was the saint by whom all swore, and no death was feared save a death on the straw. And with valor ruled song. When the clash of swords was for a moment stilled minnesingers and minstrels sang of the sweetness of love. Are not the tenderest blossoms of the year those that are fostered by the snowdrift?

The Tower of Tynedale had had its baptisms of blood and consecrations of song more frequently, it may well be, than any other castle within the same horizon bounds, for it stood on disputed ground. It was a defiance in stone flung down by an early Tynedale, and many a time had the Branksome men dashed themselves against it in vain assault. Once, indeed, the portals had traitorously yielded, and the banner of the hated house of the assailants had taunted the scattered Tynedales from the battlements of their own tower. That dishonor had been wiped out in the desperate courage of the recapture, but its memory roused to new life the old family feud, which had its birth in the buried past.

It was the thought of that unforgotten shame that made more lofty the bearing of the lord of Tynedale as he entered the demesne to which a long absence had made him well nigh a stranger. The gay laughter of his retainers, who found it joy enough to feel the shadow of Tynedale oaks once more above them, seemed to his ear but to muffle the angry mutter of defeated men. Age itself was forgotten, as the very thought of the men of Branksome sent the hand of the old lord to the hilt of his sword. His steed, responding to his unconscious touch, bounded forward, and carried him in advance of his train to the opening in the forest that commanded a distant view of the tower.

And there the sunbeams that flashed from spear head and sparkled from the jeweled dresses of lady fair and gallant knight and waiting esquire sank into shadows amid the folds of the Branksome banner, which Branksome hands had flung once more from the battlements of Tynedale tower. Dark and sullen hung the silken folds, heavy with shame. And dark grew the brow of the lord of Tynedale—dark even as the shadows of the forest, when that message met his eye. The sun sank down and the night came swiftly to cover alike the hated banner and the little band resting under the edge of the wooded hill.

An indifferent forester, to whom it mattered little whether the flag of the tower were gules or argent, told the brief tale of the day's foray. An attack, a surprise, a weak defense, a few hours of desperate hand to hand fighting within the old walls, and then the sunset with its revelation, that was all.

The party camped hastily.

"We are helpless," said the old lord, bitterly; "within those walls a handful may laugh at a host; without, a handful like this would be but a dash of summer raindrops on the stones. False stones, they protect friend and foe alike."

Then spoke Edwy, the heir of Tynedale.

"My lord and father, so it please you, I will enter the tower. My harp will be my passport, for a minstrel hath free warrant to hall and tower. Once in, it will go hard but I find means to open the gates to our men ere the morning."

The old lord's eye flashed. He felt the fever of youth throb in his veins for a moment; then it passed, but he beheld his own spirit kindling keen and high in the dauntless youth who faced him.

"Go, my child. The honor of Tynedale is in your hands."

So it shortly came to pass that a gay young minstrel boldly demanded admittance for his harp and himself at the gate where Edwy of Tynedale might not pass for his life. A rude welcome greeted him from the hall.

"Enter, thou minstrel lad. Such a day as this hath merited a night of song. What ballads hast thou that are new?"

"Ballads new and old in plenty to pleasure the lords of Tynedale tower," answered Edwy calmly, resting his harp near the board about which lounged the dark men of Branksome, pledging their victory in tankards of Tynedale ale. At his feet, trampled and stained, lay the silken banner of his house, rudely torn from the battlement. But no one saw the fire that smoldered under Edwy's lowered lids.

"Sing, harper, and Oswald shall dance."

"Oswald shall dance the morrow."

Edwy had already noted the bound figure of Oswald, an ancient servitor of the house, who listened unmoved to the rude jests and taunts of the soldiery. Once, at the first tone of Edwy's voice, a quiver passed over his blood stained cheek, but he raised not his eyes from the floor. Grim, stern, silent, he waited, and if he strained his iron muscles against the cords till he felt them stir and yield, no one heeded. The youth with his harp was more deserving than the impassive prisoner, whom their savage glee moved not.

"A song! a song! After the battle, the madrigal!"

"I have little faith in your madrigals and minstrels," growled one stout wight. "They are all false, these fair fingered squires, who love better the strumming of a harp than the twang of a bowstring."

"Thou art soured, Gregory, and hast lost thy taste for love songs since Edwy spoiled thy pretty face for thee."

"Fill thy tankard, Gregory, and go thou to sleep."

Gregory scowled, but profited by the counsel.

"Now, harper, give us the last ballad in thy wallet."

Edwy's fingers had been straying over the strings of the harp, waking those low, soft murmurs that musicians love. Now, with a free hand, he struck the ringing chords, and no one save Oswald heard aught but careless melody in the young voice that filled the hall.

Fond Margret hath gone to the greenwood alone,
All under the greenwood tree;
"Nay, sister, I pray thee be true to me,
My true love will tarry for me."

And first there came riding a stately knight,
All fast by the greenwood tree;
"Fond Margret, fond Margret, thy Willie is false,
But I will thy true love be."

O Willie, my Willie, an I hast then forgot
The tryst thou hast plighted with me!
O gin it be sooth that my Willie be false,
Full soon will thy Margaret dee!

Nay, weep not, fair maid, but come thou with me;
My castle lies over the sea.
Nay, though all forsaken and faithless, my dear,
Yet true will I Margaret be.

Then down sprang the knight from the gallant gray steed,
All under the greenwood tree;
Look up, my sweet maid, for thy true love am I,
Thy Willie, still faithful to thee.

The languishing strains sank softly, to be caught up and repeated by lusty voices, till the armor on the walls rang again. Deep were the draughts of Oswald's ale, and Edwy joined in draining the circling cup, muttering a prayer to his patron saint the while that a deep sleep might mingle with the mead for the thirsty rogues. But few were yet ready to follow the lead of Gregory, sullenly snoring on a bench by the door, and soon the mingled voices demanded another song.

"And let it be a song for men, not for lovesick boys."

Edwy was as willing as ever was minstrel to pleasure his audience, and with a ringing voice he gave them old Oswald's favorite.

Keen are the arrows of Sko,
Deadly the song of his bow;
Loud lancteth he,
Joyful to see
Stricken and fallen the foe.

Death grimly walks his behest,
Singling the strongest and best;
Never shall they
Greet the glad day:
Low in the dust lies their crest.

Lonely and mournful is Sko;
Wearily idle days go,
All in the land
Year his stern hand,
Ne'er can he find a stout foe!

As Edwy finished the song, he lifted his eyes and squarely encountered an intent gaze, which he seemed to have felt before he turned. He saw a mere boy, whose fair, floating hair and gravely sweet face made him seem as apart from those dark visaged men of blood as a saint stepped down from the stained windows of some cathedral.

Once before the boyish face with its halo of golden hair had held Edwy's eye, and with a lightning flash of memory that earlier meeting was recalled. It was a lonely spot on the mountain side, and the fearless boy, with failing strength, was holding at bay an antlered stag. Had Edwy's trusty spear swerved then or lingered, no morrow had ever smiled on the brave hunter. Now in the deep look, more potent than speech, that held their eyes locked for a moment ere they swerved aside, Edwy read that he was known.

His fingers trembled as he struck slow fragments of music from the obedient strings, and there was a ringing in his ears that sounded like the battle cry of the Branksomes. Then the blood surged back to his heart, and he lifted his dauntless Tynedale face to his foes. Trapped and at their mercy he knew himself, but at least he could show them how the Tynedales were wont to die. The liquid drops of music shivered into a sharp silence as his hand forsook the strings to rest lightly on the short sword at his belt, while his haughty glance swept the hall. But there was no answer to his silent challenge, and now in the averted face of the boy he read not the triumph of an enemy, but the grieved perplexity of a child.

Edwy understood. That the boy remembered his benefactor's face was proved past doubt in that first long gaze, and now his troubled silence revealed that he remembered the benefaction also. But silence was hard for Edwy's beating heart to bear, and striking the chords sharply, he gave to measured music the tumultuous words that throbbed in his brain. The carouse about the board was somewhat hushed, but Edwy sang only for the boy, whose drooping eyes could not bear the steadfast gaze bent upon them.

Lone is the mountain path,
Dark is the glen.
Fierce is the antlered stag,
Hater of men.

Hopeless the hunter now,
Lacking his spear.
Where's the hunter lad,
Death draweth near.

[illegible]
[illegible]
In the mountain glen
[illegible]

The boy shuddered and met Edwy's look pleadingly. One word from those beardless lips and the minstrel had sung his last strain, but the word was not spoken. Edwy read the conflicting emotions that held him passive, and with that sense of power that is the gift of strong souls, he knew his condemnation over the heart he had preserved.

Armed men ringed him in, sleeping, drinking or shouting fragments of merry song, but he who roused them from their careless mood would find that he had wakened the sleeping storm. Those sheathed daggers were used to flashing out at a word. In their midst sat the boy, with whom he dare not speak—his pallor looking into eyes the Branksome men had good reason to fear, and meeting the glances of his enemies. And here stood he, Edwy, the heir of Tynedale, with [illegible] hand raised against him, yet face to face with death. [illegible] were no strangers. [illegible] measured strength with strength before, where steel flashed keen between them, as the [illegible] waited [illegible] for a headless step, but never [illegible] at the breath of a song.

In one face [illegible] he grasped the full strength of [illegible]. The [illegible] band waiting his signal [illegible] the while that even now [illegible] to the slaughter of the foes of his house [illegible] on his power [illegible] the wall of the [illegible] [illegible] The battle courage [illegible] as he [illegible] and the last of Tynedale.

Faithless and [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Why [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Edwy ceased. [illegible] he lost or won the game where the stake was life! The boy's grave eyes glowed with a clear light, and as the impetuous strain sank to silence, he drew the harp from Edwy's arm.

"Methinks your songs ring not true, fair harper. There be blacker traitors than he who slays even a friend."

And with a mournful yet steadfast look he gave in song his answer to Edwy's challenge:

Youthful knight, I charge thee well,
Guard the banner that thou bearest;
Though it leads to blackest hell!
Though o'er naked swords thou farest;
Though thy life, thy friend, thy soul,
Doomed be to endless dole.

Edwy had lost. As the verse ended with a tremble, the two stood silently side by side watching the quivering strings. The last faint vibration died away, and with eyes that seemed not to see, the boy stepped forward and raised his hand imperiously for silence. But Edwy was before him.

"Nay, boy, there shall be no need. I saved thee once from death; I will save thee now from ingratitude."

Snatching up the silken banner of his house he wound it as a shield about his left arm, and with drawn sword he planted his back against a friendly wall.

"Ye men of Branksome, heard ye ever melody like this before?"

And lifting his clear voice, the battle song of the Tynedales rung out over the heads of the conquerors with defiant boldness.

A Tynedale! a Tynedale! and merry St. Andrew to all!
While blood may flow or a lyre may late, a Tynedale wields the blade!
While heart can beat or eye can see, a Tynedale fronts the fray!
A Tynedale! a Tynedale! St. Andrew wins the day!

There was a hush like death; then the wide hall echoed and re-echoed with a hoarse cry of "Death to the Tynedale!" and fifty swords flashed their menace out; fifty foemen, wild with hate, leaped to face him. Then they paused, awed by the dauntlessness of the proud youth, whose eyelid never quivered. He would die, but not alone. A moment and they closed upon him, while flashing steel on steel struck fire. A shriek, a groan, but not from Edwy's lips; a narrowing circle of sword points, yet with guard and thrust Edwy held his own. He felt the blood flow from his breast, the wall seemed to weaken and yield, and gasping out "A Tynedale!" he sank to the floor.

Was it the echo of his voice, or the wild heart blood beating in his ears? His last words were caught up and repeated. "A Tynedale to the rescue! A Tynedale!"

Then for Edwy came silence.

But not for the hall. Through the portal sprang Oswald, leading the Tynedale men, who had waited without in the shadows for Edwy's signal. The signal had come, but from Oswald's hand, at the moment when the defiance of the minstrel in the hall had left the door unguarded.

Hand to hand and knee to knee they fought about the board; but the cry of "Strike for Edwy!" made the Tynedales irresistible. The mead had not ceased to flow from the overturned tankards before Tynedale tower again floated the banner they unwound from Edwy's arm.

Then Oswald lifted Edwy's head and stanched the wound in his breast. The blue eyes slowly opened.

"Edwy, lad, how is it with thee?"

Edwy laughed.

"I' faith, Oswald, I fear me my harp must lie idle for many a day. But is the boy safe?"—Lily A. Long in Overland Monthly.

Bureau and Trunk in One.

"What is the latest novelty in the trunk business?" was asked by a reporter of a well known dealer in that line of goods a few days ago.

"The very latest thing, I believe, is called the 'bureau trunk,' and is made especially for the use of ladies going to the country or seashore, where the accommodations are likely to be more or less cramped in the matter of room. I think it about the neatest thing of the kind ever put on the market, and, to use a hackneyed expression, fills a long felt want for those who are practically forced to 'live in a trunk' for three months in the year."

The dealer then drew from under the counter a large rectangular shaped trunk. It was thirty-six inches long and of proportionate depth and width, with a flat top, and was covered completely with light colored leather with silver clasps and mountings. Although of large size, the trunk was unusually light in weight and was easily handled, while the central bands which surrounded it were a sufficient guarantee of its stability.

But it was on the inside of the affair that the peculiarity which gives it the name of "bureau" was disclosed and was made apparent at once when the lid was raised. In the lid were two shallow but good sized drawers for the reception of the more delicate articles of women's apparel, while above these was a deeper drawer with compartments for hats and bonnets. The body of the trunk was spacious and capable of holding a large quantity of dresses, etc., when closely packed.—New York Mail and Express.

Royalty at Honolulu.

The present king, Kalakaua—meaning Day of Battle—is not of Kamehameha descent, but was elected to the throne in default of an heir apparent, none having been named by the sovereign. He is not a man who commands the respect of the better classes of the people on his islands. He is much more at home with his native singers and dancers at Kailua than in managing and conducting governmental affairs at Honolulu. In June last year his actions became so intolerable that the leading citizens of Honolulu inaugurated a bloodless revolution, forcing the king to dismiss his entire cabinet and appoint others whom they named, and also to sign a new constitution virtually modeled [illegible] that of the United States.

The queen is of good demeanor and possesses more or less dignity. They have no children, and the heir apparent is Mrs. [illegible] Dominis, wife of the governor of the island. She is the king's sister. Her husband is white, and not counting for much in that country.—Charles H. Webster in Detroit Free Press.

Scotch Pipers in New York.

Last year Mr. Carnegie, determining to [illegible] things [illegible] with the customs of the country, engaged a piper, who, having played the guests out of bed, discoursed to them in the day and played them into dinner in the evening. This musician was taken to New York, where he astonished the natives by many a feat of musical gymnastics. Other millionaires, not to be outdone, engaged pipers, until they are now quite fashionable in New York houses. The papers say that the day is [illegible] when every [illegible] the pipes and [illegible] the strains which is worth mentioning in the interests of such pipers as may be contemplating a trip across the Atlantic.—Pall Mall Budget.

A KIRGHIS ENCAMPMENT.

DESCRIPTION OF A TENT AND ITS SIMPLE FURNITURE.

Hospitality of a Khirgis Host—A Drink of the National Beverage—An Artist Who Didn't Like Koumiss—An Untoward Incident.

It was evident from the commotion caused by our approach that the encampment had not often been visited. The swarthy, half naked children, who had been playing out on the grass, fled in affright to the shelter of the tents as they saw our tarantas coming toward them across the steppe; women rushed out to take a startled look at us and then disappeared; and even the men, who gathered in a group to meet us, appeared to be surprised and a little alarmed by our visit. A few words in Kirghis, however, from our Cossack driver reassured them, and upon the invitation of an old man in a red and yellow skull cap, who seemed to be the patriarch of the band, we entered one of the kibitkas. It was a circular tent about fifteen feet in diameter and eight feet high, made by covering a dome shaped framework of smoke blackened poles with large overlapping sheets of heavy gray felt. The slightly curved rafters which formed the roof radiated like the spokes of a wheel from a large wooden ring in the center of the dome, and were supported around the circumference of the tent by a skeleton wall of wooden lattice work in which there was a hinged door.

The ring in the center of the dome outlined the aperture left for the escape of smoke and the admission of air, and directly under this aperture a fire was smoldering on the ground inside a circle of flat stones, upon which stood a few pots, kettles and other domestic utensils. The furniture of the tent was very scanty, and consisted of a narrow, unpainted bedstead, opposite the door, two or three cheap Russian trunks of wood painted blue and decorated with strips of tin, and a table about four feet in diameter and eight inches high, intended evidently to be used by persons who habitually squatted on the ground. Upon the table were a few dirty wooden bowls and spoons and an antique metal pitcher, while here and there, hanging against the lattice wall, were buckets of birch bark, a harness or two, a flint lock rifle, a red, white and golden saddle of wood with silver inlaid stirrups and a pair of carpet saddle bags.

The first duty which hospitality requires of a Kirghis host is the presentation of koumiss to his guests, and we had no sooner taken seats on a sheet of gray felt beside the fire than one of the women went to the koumiss churn—a large, black, greasy bag of horse hide hanging against the lattice wall—worked a wooden churn dasher up and down in it vigorously for a moment, and then poured out of it into a greasy wooden bowl fully a quart of the great national Kirghis beverage for me. It did not taste as much like sour milk and soda water as I expected that it would. On the contrary, it had rather a pleasant flavor; and if it had been a little cleaner and cooler, it would have made an agreeable and refreshing drink. I tried to please the old Kirghis patriarch and to show my appreciation of Kirghis hospitality by drinking the whole bowlful; but I underestimated the quantity of koumiss that it is necessary to imbibe in order to show one's host that one doesn't dislike it and that one is satisfied with one's entertainment. I had no sooner finished one quart bowlful than the old patriarch brought me another; and when I told him that a single quart was all that I permitted myself to take at one time, and suggested that he reserve the second bowlful for my comrade, Mr. Frost, he looked so pained and grieved that in order to restore his serenity I had to go to the tarantas, get my banjo and sing "There is a Tavern in the Town." Mr. Frost, meanwhile, had shirked his duty and his koumiss by pretending that he could not drink and draw simultaneously, and that he wanted to make a likeness of the patriarch's 6-year-old son. This seemed to be a very adroit scheme on Mr. Frost's part, but it did not work as well as he had expected. No sooner had he begun to make the sketch than the boy's mother, taking alarm at the peculiar, searching way in which the artist looked at his subject, and imagining perhaps that her offspring was being mesmerized, paralyzed or bewitched, swooped down upon the ragged little urchin, and kissing him passionately, as if she had almost lost him forever, carried him away and hid him. This untoward incident cast such a gloom over the subsequent proceedings that after singing four verses of "Solomon Levi," in a vain attempt to restore public confidence in Mr. Frost, I put away my banjo and we took our departure.—George Kennan in The Century.

How Americans Invite Sunstroke.

Before Capt. Crockhart assumed command of the steamship Devonia he served many years as first officer on steamers plying through the Mediterranean and Suez canal to East India ports. On his last trip to New York he chatted with a reporter about the hot weather and the frequent records of prostrations and sunstrokes found in the newspapers here during the torrid summer months.

"It is astonishing," said he, "that a people so practical and scientific as the Americans should permit this evil to go so long unchecked, for the vast majority of sunstrokes are easily preventable by affording proper protection to the head. Almost every man I meet in New York has his hair trimmed closely with one of those diminutive lawn mowers in the hottest months, and wears the flimsiest sort of a hat, whether of straw or felt. That is a weak shield against the penetrating rays of your glaring, scorching sun. Women find a natural safeguard in their abundant hair, especially when they wear it coiled on the top of the head. Of course they are not so much exposed to the sun's rays as the men are, but even if they were the rate of prostration would be much larger among the males with their thin head gear and closely cropped hair. Sunstroke is almost unknown among the natives of eastern countries. You may think that the coiled turban of an East Indian is a heavy and ungainly thing to wear above one's brain, but instinct and experience have taught him the advisability of giving ample protection to the head, no matter how poorly he may protect the rest of his body. Then, too, the use of umbrellas is very general in countries near the equator. Europeans in the east realize the value of light but thick helmets. You in New York will learn after a while to wear the right kind of hat in summer. Then there will be [illegible] sunstrokes, except such as are produced by sheer negligence or alcoholic excess."—New York World.

A California Ostrich Farm.

Ostrich Farm is one of the attractions of this region, and one that no admirer of the feathery kingdom can well afford to forego visiting, though it does cost fifty cents to cross the enclosure, which consists of a broad board fence that completely prevents a ghost of a glimpse of those aristocratic birds. I say aristocratic, because they are beautiful, valuable, and far, far above the average fowl in size and majesty of mien; besides, they contribute to something more than the mere essentials of existence. The refinements of life are strikingly suggested in those high stepping, lofty eyed, soft plumaged creatures, that appear to have been formed for an ardent, exclusive, elegant atmosphere. The manager in charge of the birds, who superintended their journey from South Africa, informed me that there were sixty-three full grown ostriches and twenty-two chicks on the farm at the present time. Great care must be exercised in the choice and quantity of their food. They are liable to indulge in overfeeding, which produces yellow fever. They are also subject to the disorders common to barnyard fowls.

They make their own nests, lay one egg every alternate day, equal in weight and contents to twenty-eight ordinary hen's eggs. Twenty-four days are consumed by the hen in her retirement previous to hatching, and fifteen is the usual number her nest contains. The food consists of corn, alfalfa, cactus leaves shorn of their thorns and all kinds of fruit, grass or grain. Every nine months their feathers are plucked; fifty feathers is the number usually gathered at a time. Those of the male birds are white. The female birds yield a variety of colors, but they are not considered as valuable. A pair of ostriches is worth $1,800. They are sold only in pairs. Mr. Atherton (keeper of the birds) regards this climate as favorable to the ostrich industry, and expresses his belief that it will in time become quite as common here as in South Africa, where every land owner keeps his pair or two of beautiful birds.—California Cor. New York Post.

One of Col. Ingersoll's Daughters.

Only a few weeks ago Miss Eva Ingersoll distinguished herself by an act of personal bravery that was remarkable, not alone by reason of having been accompanied by a member of the gentler sex. The young lady is a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and she takes a very deep interest in the carrying out of the designs with which the association was formed. One day, as she sat looking out of the window over Fifth avenue, she saw a man beating a poor, shrunken, decrepit old horse attached to an ash cart. The young lady's sympathy was aroused at once, and with it her indignation. She went out into the street and asked the driver to abandon his ill treatment of the unfortunate brute under his charge. He told her to go to the devil, and as a means of self employment during her journey he continued to hammer the horse. Miss Ingersoll called upon a bystander to interfere. The bystander refused. She then exhibited her S. P. C. A. badge. The driver jeered at her and went on thumping the unfortunate horse.

Miss Ingersoll seized the bridle and was dragged along the pavements, to the great astonishment of a lot of people in masculine clothing, who looked on and said nothing. Finally a man rushed out from the sidewalk and stopped the procession. A policeman approached, the brutal driver was arrested, and the wretched old horse was turned over to the society. The animal was found to be in such a condition of illness that it was considered necessary to shoot it outright, and the driver was duly punished for his cruelty. A good many Fifth avenue fathers would have shrunk from the publicity occasioned by such an act on the part of his daughter. Col. Ingersoll didn't. He commended this brave and humane conduct, and so did pretty much everybody who knew about it.—New York World.

A Very Troublesome Language.

When first the Japanese learned from the Chinese the use of letters they, with characteristic ingenuity, adopted contracted forms of forty-seven Chinese characters to represent the syllables of their language, and at the same time with curious mutilation adopted cursive forms of other characters to represent the same sounds. But, further, to make confusion worse confounded, they paid their instructors the compliment of taking over bodily their writing and their literature. There are thus three ways of writing Japanese—(one) with the forty-seven contracted Chinese or Katagana characters; (two) with the cursive forms of other Chinese or Hiragana characters; and (three) with the Chinese characters pure and simple. Every school boy has to learn these three systems, and his studies are complicated by the fact that while the first two systems are phonetic the third is mainly ideographic.

But we have not yet reached the end of the difficulties which surround Japanese writing. For although, as has just been said, the Chinese characters are mainly used ideographically, they may at the discretion of the writer be made to represent either the mere sounds of the Chinese words which they signify or the mere sounds of the Japanese words which they signify. To give an example—the Chinese character meaning "heaven" and pronounced Tien, when occurring in Japanese text may either be read according to an old Chinese pronunciation, Ten, "heaven," or as the Japanese word for the same meaning, Ame, or as simply representing the sounds of Ten or Ame, apart from their meaning. This is much as if our letters consisted of signs such, for instance, as &, which let us suppose, might either be read "and" or "et," or as the syllables "and" or "et," and so be used in such combinations as h&, hand, or &iam.—Saturday Review.

The Rattlesnake's Warning.

I am doubtless as little afraid of rattlesnakes as any one, for I have killed hundreds of them, and I know full well that, contrary to the understanding of mankind in general, the rattlesnake is the most peaceable member of the reptile family, and although possessing a death dealing power, he never uses that power except in self defense. I never knew one to strike unless he was trodden upon or provoked and injured in some way, and then the warning rattle comes first. He has no vicious qualities when not molested.

I have had horses nearly unseat me when the alarm was sounded near them, and I have seen 100 head of cattle, while being driven single file along a narrow trail, each in their turn jump three feet in the air as they passed over a rattler, and I have had a whole herd of cattle, 1,700 in number, stampeded by one of these reptiles suddenly springing his rattle under one of the leaders of the herd.—Cor. New York Post.

AN OLD PHOTOGRAPHER.

VETERAN BOGARDUS WRITES ABOUT SECRETS OF THE TRADE.

Why the Amateurs Are Doing So Well. Results of Carelessness—The Photographer's Patrons—Good Advice—Production of Colors.

It required work, money and time, and great quantities of it, to bring photography up to its present standard; it required the combined intellect of the best chemists and the best manipulators; it required the finest mechanism to construct the necessary apparatus, and it required great care, taste, skill, judgment and experience to make a good picture.

One man will excel in lighting and posing, and perhaps is not successful with the chemical part, another is good with the chemicals, but cannot pose or light the sitter; another is perfect with the mechanical part, and cannot pose to satisfaction or use the chemicals to produce good work; few men combine all. The sitter sees nor knows but very little of all this. He thinks if he looks his best and gives up his most agreeable expression that is all there is to be done. If he would go with me into the dark room and see the care necessary to develop the negative in the dark, to bring the whites so they will print black, and the blacks so as to print white, and yet leave all the half tones, he would soon be enlightened that the "smile of the sitter" was but a very small part of the operation.

Oh! but, you say, see how well amateurs are doing. Granted. But, remember all the work of the operation has been simplified. It was not so simple to men who worked with hand and brain to simplify it. Again, the amateur does not have to prepare his chemical plate; it can be bought already coated. The careless amateur will often expose the same plate twice. A gentleman usually successful, exposed his plate on an organ grinder and his monkey. The next day, forgetting which plate had been exposed, he focused on a beautiful country seat. When the plate was developed house, man and monkey were somewhat mixed, the head of the organ grinder coming out of the chimney and the monkey perched on the head of the "lady of the house," who had so carefully struck an attitude on the piazza. More plates spoiled by careless working than by bad chemicals, has passed into a "saying" in the fraternity.

A photographer sees many little histories. A young gentleman has some pictures. Soon after a bashful young lady calls, and showing one of his pictures wishes hers taken the same size and style. We understand the situation. Before long the new bride is taken in her bridal dress. Next the baby in its long dress, then in its short dress. In the course of time in his first pants, then in his uniform as he comes home from boarding school, soon in that most important period of his young life when he attempts his first mustache at college. And then he brings his best girl, and so on in regular progression from generation to generation.

Many sitters spoil what would otherwise have been a good picture by trying to put on an expression. "Try to look like yourself" is the best advice I can give. One looks too cross, the next smiles too much. A miss from the country brought her lover for a picture. "Now," said she, "Josh, kinder smile and kinder not." That was about as sensible advice as I ever heard given, after over forty years in making faces. Photography has been called "justice without mercy," but by retouching the sitter can be made to look much younger than is real. Retouching the negative is done in a dark room, with a small opening in a frame that covers the window. The negative is placed over this small opening and the workman, by the use of pencil and brush, removes all the roughness of the skin, and can remove all frowns and lines. Thus the prints are beautified and sometimes improved. But in many instances the retoucher does too much, by taking out all the character of the face. People wishing a true likeness never wish this done. Others do. It depends very much on the age of the sitter. I have had people 65 and 70 years old ask: "Can you take my likeness without showing any wrinkles?" The answer always is: "Yes, but where will the likeness be?" Many, many complaints I have had of the picture looking too old, and but very few instances of its being pronounced too young. I remember several instances where the parties exacted a promise to break the plate after one impression had been printed. They wanted one for self, but none for friends under any circumstances.

Efforts to get pictures of young ladies are often made. Of course, pictures of actresses and public people are sold to any purchaser, but the pictures of private parties honoring me with their patronage I always considered sacred. All kinds of persuasions are made by young men to get the pictures of pretty young ladies.

Will the colors ever be photographed? Well, in these days of wonders we are hardly surprised at anything. Electricity had long been known and used for various purposes, but it remained for Morse to send it whispering around the world, and photography has made rapid strides, and some mind more fertile than others may produce the colors, but all attempts by the best chemists of the world have not been successful thus far.

Several claims have been made, but on investigating have been found false. About the year 1850 a man named Hill of Catskill, N. Y., claimed to be able to daguerreotype the colors. Of course, it was a great secret. All the daguerreotypists immediately suffered from color on the brain. A meeting was called at the gallery of Mr. Lawrence to investigate. It was decided to send a committee to Catskill with money to buy the wonder, but he could not show anything satisfactory.

Photography has been disgraced by the making of pictures unfit to be shown among intelligent and virtuous people. It has been used to gratify the lowest and most depraved tastes. And although there is a law against the production of such pictures, yet they are produced in this city in places unknown to the public, and have been made in galleries bearing a fair reputation and by men not unscrupulous enough to do anything for money.

Sometimes you hear people say: "The photographer put me in such a bad light it made me scowl." Now, if the reader will observe the next one hundred people he meets on the street he will find two thirds of them wearing a scowl, perhaps without being aware of it. They never find out they have a scowl until they see an impression of the face, and say the photographer has done it.—A. Bogardus in New York World.

The present London fashion of carrying the arms prescribes that the elbows should be thrust out as far as possible, giving a square look to the body.

CLAY EATERS OF CAROLINA.

A Physician's Study of a Peculiar Vice. A Surprising Discovery.

A short time ago Dr. Frank H. Getchell, Philadelphia, went on a gunning expedition to North Carolina. His quest of game led him into the wild country back of Salisbury, which is inhabited, for the most part, by a miserable race of beings, with only just enough energy to eke out a wretched existence. These creatures are nearly all veritable living skeletons, and, with few exceptions, are addicted to the habit of clay eating. While shooting wild turkeys and other game in this wild region, Dr. Getchell made an incidental study of this peculiar habit or vice among the inhabitants.

It is a mountainous country, and in the spring little rivulets start out from the caps of snow on the mountain, and as the days grow warmer, the little rivulets become torrents, and great washouts are made along the mountain side. The soil is of a heavy, clayey nature, but there are strata of clay that is heavier than the rest, and when the water rushes down this clay is formed into little pellets and rolls and accumulates in heaps in the valley. These little pellets and rolls are what the clay eaters devour with as much avidity as a toper swallows a glass of whisky.

"Among the poor people of this section," said Dr. Getchell, "the habit of eating clay is almost universal. Even little toddlers are confirmed in the habit, and the appetite increases with time. While investigating the matter, I entered a cabin occupied by one of these poor families, and saw a little chap tied by the ankle to the leg of a table, on which was placed a big dish of bread and meat and potatoes within easy reach. The child was kicking and crying, and I asked his mother why she had tied him up. She replied that she wanted him to eat some food before he went out to the clay, and he refused to do so. The woman confessed that she ate the clay herself, but explained that the child's health demanded that it eat some substantial food before eating any earth. Almost every one I met in this section was addicted to this habit. They were all very thin, but their flesh seemed to be puffed out. This was particularly noticeable about the eyes, which had a sort of reddish hue.

"All of the clay eaters were excessively lazy and indolent, and all of these conditions combined led me to the conclusion that there must be some sedative or stimulating qualities, or both, in the clay, and I determined to find out whether there was or not. I consequently brought a lot of the clay home with me, and Professor Tiernan and myself made an analysis of the stuff, and discovered that instead of clay eaters the inhabitants of central North Carolina should more properly be called arsenic eaters. All of this clay contains arsenic, but exactly in what proportion we have not yet discovered. Arsenic eating is common in many parts of the world, and is practiced to a greater or less extent throughout the world. It acts as a sedative and also as a stimulant. The mountaineers of Styria, Austria, are habitual arsenic eaters. They give as their reason for eating it that they are better able to climb the mountains after eating the poison, and their explanation is a perfectly reasonable one, as arsenic acts as a sedative to the heart's action. It has been shown that arsenic or arsenical fumes are a sure cure for intermittent fever. The inhabitants of a section of Cornwall, England, at one time suffered with this type of fever, but when the copper works were established there the fever disappeared. This was accounted for by the arsenical fumes created in the treatment of copper. As to whether arsenic eating shortens life I am not prepared to say, but I intend investigating the matter thoroughly."—The Clay Worker.

An Eye on the Faithful.

The life of a brakeman on the elevated roads is an exemplification of the persistent regard that should be paid to what many consider little things if one has ambition to rise in life. It is noticed that men who were brakemen ten years ago are still employed as such, and that men who started ten years ago are now conductors, with a pleasant and dignified responsibility and higher pay to their credit. The new men rose by persistently paying attention to their duties, the chief one being to call out all stations correctly and distinctly. Of course this has to be done hundreds of times each day, but the advanced ones have not tired.

It is a wrong supposition to think that these men are apparently lost among the hundreds of thousands who ride on the road. The eyes of the management are constantly on them. The slovenly and inattentive ones grumble at the advancement of new men, seemingly unaware of the cause. They continue the haphazard way of doing things, and see the persistently attentive ones rise, and are apparently unaware that they are the arbiters of their own fate.—New York Sun.

Many Uses of Castor Oil.

The average boy has an idea that castor oil was got up for the torture of all kids who have careful mothers to protect them from the fell destroyer. He is mistaken, like a majority of grown people who only regard castor oil as a medicine. Only a very small proportion of it is consumed in that manner. Castor oil forms one of the best lubricators, and is used for greasing wagons and other purposes where the price does not prohibit it. Then it is burned as an illuminator, not only by the Jews for their Sabbath lamp, but elsewhere.

In India, where large quantities of the seed are raised, the oil is added to the native condiments to flavor them. It is also made into an illuminating gas in India. In this country castor oil is used to dress Morocco leather. California, Kansas, Iowa and Illinois are the principal sections of this country where the seed is raised, and the castor oil presses at Belleville, Ills., are among the most extensive in the world.—Druggist in Globe-Democrat.

Habit of Dropping the H.

The reminiscent and gossipy author of "Old Drury Lane" tells a story that comically illustrates the H dropping habit that occasionally besets our English cousins. It was in 1831, under Elliston's management, that "Woodman's Hut" was produced. It was crammed full of sensation, prominently a burning forest. A new actor was cast as one of the three robbers, Wallack and J. Smith being his fellow scamps. The scene was a forest—the woodman's hut, time, night. Enter the three thieves to extremely cautious music—an indispensable condition by the way, of doing wicked things on the stage.

First Robber (the new actor)—"Ush! I see a nouse. (Pointing to the hut.)

Second Robber (enjoying the joke)—No, Blunderby, it's a 'ut.

Third Robber (Wallack)—No, fool, it's a hexclamation.—Detroit Free Press.